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## GREECE AND THE THREE POWERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the remarkable suggestion which, it is said, is to be offered by the three Protecting Powers, the Provisional Government of Greece will perhaps in a few days make a formal offer of the vacant throne to Prince ALFRED of England. It is asserted that the mode of election has been changed in consequence of an intimation that the English Government would decline the proposal; and it may therefore be supposed that the nomination of King FERDINAND as candidate was already the subject of rumour. The Assembly or Convention which had been convoked for the express purpose of electing a King is, according to the latest report, to be deprived of its only legitimate function, for the purpose of transferring the choice to the general population, voting by ballot with universal suffrage. If the national leaders have really adopted this singular device, they have not increased their claim to a favourable consideration of their project. It is the obvious policy and duty of every English Minister to repudiate the modern French contrivance for constituting or overthrowing independent States. Nothing can be more convenient for an aggressive Power than a machinery by which a semblance of legal right may be added to forcible possession; but England, which has never recognised the supremacy of numbers in her domestic Constitution, can by no means admit that a real or apparent majority has, in any case, the power to determine the fate of its country. The device has hitherto been tried only by rulers who had previously secured the result which they afterwards affected to derive from the will of the people. The Consulate, the dictatorship of December 1851, the First and Second Empire, were already established and practically irremovable, when they were ratified, under the direction of the Prefects, by the votes of the French peasantry. A more scandalous abuse of universal suffrage was perpetrated in the seizure of Savoy and Nice, after the war with Austria and the partial creation of the Kingdom of Italy. The inhabitants of both provinces were ignorant of the provisional bargain which was concluded at Plombières in 1858, nor was it thought necessary to consult their wishes when the Emperor NAPOLEON insisted on their cession as the condition of his assent to the annexation of Tuscany and the Legations. It is well known that the votes were packed and arranged by official agents, and that the majority of those who actually voted were influenced by a fear of offending rulers whom they were in any case destined to obey. No Government has yet thrown into the caldron of universal suffrage a free deliberative choice of the future destiny of the population. The question is always limited to the acceptance or rejection of a state of things which leaves no practicable alternative. If the French nation had in 1851 voted against the Presidency for life, there was no visible Republic or Constitutional Monarchy on which it would have been possible to fall back.

When the French Government compelled the King of ITALY to follow the precedent of universal suffrage, England took care to protest against the prescribed method of ascertaining the popular will. The vote of the Neapolitans in favour of union with the North was singularly absurd, as GAEIRALDI had driven out the reigning dynasty, and promised to transfer the sovereignty to VICTOR EMMANUEL without consulting a single inhabitant of the Kingdom of Naples. The annexation of the greater part of Italy to Piedmont was highly agreeable to English wishes, but the affectation of resting Italian unity on the will of the multitude was both suspicious and fraudulent. The revolution had in fact been accomplished, as it had been long prepared, by the educated classes, with little assistance from the peasantry; and it could matter little whether the entire population voted for a change which it had either been unable or unwilling to oppose. It was evident that, at

some future time, a nationality which rested on the ballot-box might be destroyed by any conspirator who contrived to manipulate universal suffrage for an opposite purpose. The recognition of *de facto* Governments, which has become the rule of international policy, is inconsistent with the pretence of a new-fangled divine right, resting not on hereditary descent, but on the votes of a multitude which can only assemble at the summons of an established Government, or of a usurper. A still more conclusive objection to the new doctrine is founded on the probability that it may hereafter be applied to Belgium, to the Rhine Provinces, to Ireland, or to any other country which may attract the cupidity of a powerful neighbour. It is not likely that Russia will test the feelings of Poland by a popular vote; but universal suffrage might be a highly convenient method of appropriating the frontier districts of Turkey. As there is fortunately no English equivalent for the pedantic *plebiscite*, it may be hoped that the right of multitudes to give away their own freedom and the freedom of their countrymen will never become so familiar in England as to require an indigenous designation.

The Greek vote in favour of Prince ALFRED will, perhaps, for once represent the real wishes of a people which has the good sense to follow the advice of its leaders. King OTHO's municipal functionaries have probably little power to interfere; and their successors, if they have been appointed, will scarcely commence their administration by the open use of violence and corruption. The great majority of Greeks may sincerely desire to be governed by an English Prince, although it is impossible that they should be acquainted with the personal qualities of the candidate, or that they should understand the consequences of his election. Nevertheless, the English Government, if it were disposed to countenance the nomination of Prince ALFRED, could only deal with some ostensible Government, and it would require the deliberate sanction of a representative Assembly. The appeal to universal suffrage may be an ingenious *argumentum ad Galliam*, but its result can in no way determine the policy of England. The French Government might possibly accept the popular vote for the sake of the principle which it would involve; or, if it was thought undesirable to recognise an English King of Greece, French Ministers are admirably qualified to point out the frauds and irregularities which may be supposed to vitiate the decision of the ballot-box.

The substantial objections to the accession of Prince ALFRED retain their unabated force. In return for the merely ostensible advantage of a new throne for a member of the reigning dynasty, England would be supposed to have undertaken vague liabilities to Greece, and an excuse would be offered to France and Russia for attempts at their own aggrandizement in the East. It might be worth while to incur some risk and inconvenience for the sake of rendering a real service to a friendly nation; but it is impossible to foresee whether a young and untried prince will become an able and beneficent ruler. The Greeks virtually ask for English political support, which they may receive under any dynasty which they may select, if it is right and expedient to bestow it. Their preference of a country which has never flattered either their vanity or their ambition will not be forgotten either by the Government or by the people. It is possible that the present transactions may even facilitate, at some future time, the coveted annexation of the Seven Islands to the kingdom of Greece. It will, however, be necessary that the Greeks should first satisfy England and Europe that they are capable of submitting to orderly government, and that they are able and willing to maintain their independence. The processions and demonstrations which have followed in rapid succession since the fall of OTHO are probably harmless, as they are certainly natural, but they prove nothing as to the political qualities of the Greek nation. No country has ever done itself any considerable good by shouting, nor do the

main difficulties of revolution commence until the first ebullition has subsided. The expulsion from the country of newspaper editors who supported French and Russian doctrines was a questionable, though probably a patriotic proceeding. Even the unanimity of the vote for Prince ALFRED, as far as it proceeds from popular enthusiasm, is not so satisfactory a proof of political aptitude as the construction and maintenance of a few miles of good roads.

As it was necessary to decline the offer of the Crown to an English Prince, the Government may possibly have been well advised in coming to the reported agreement with France and Russia. The Greeks must be content with the august rank of King FERDINAND's sponsors, and with the assurance that a prince, of whose existence they were previously unaware, is the fittest candidate for the vacant throne. By referring to the Almanack of Gotha, they will find that the King Consort of Portugal belongs to the Roman Catholic branch of the world-wide family of Coburg. The little German duchy which has become the nursery of modern dynasties has happily provided itself with scions belonging to the two great divisions of the Western Church. It will be a curious spectacle if a race of Greek COBURGS hereafter reigns at Athens, or perhaps at Constantinople. King FERDINAND was on terms of confidential correspondence with his cousin, Prince ALBERT, and he was regarded in Portugal, during the reign of his wife and during his own regency, as a prudent constitutional prince. The Greeks might have chosen worse if they had chosen for themselves, and it will be an advantage to avoid either the hostility or the direct patronage of Russia and France. In the last resort, the example of ORNO will have taught future Kings of Greece that they must govern for the sake of their subjects, and not with an exclusive regard to their own convenience.

#### THE COTTON TRADE AND THE POOR.

WE are glad to see that the stream of national bounty towards the distressed cotton operatives continues to flow in unabated force and volume, although it may be hoped that the severest intensity of the crisis will soon be past. Lancashire will probably ere long be very much in the condition of an invalid who has had a sharp and sudden attack of illness, and who has got through the worst, and begins to feel that sickness has its privileges and its pleasures. After we have once got used to a certain degree of inactivity, it comes to be almost agreeable to find that we are spared the fulfilment of the duties of life, that every one takes for granted that we are to be indulged, and that we may eat the bread of idleness as long as we please. It often requires the strong impulse of necessity to make us take cheerfully to work again, and to sink into the obscurity of health. Lancashire has been tried by a sudden calamity, and England has hurried forward to assist the sufferers. The ordinary rules of the Poor Law have been suspended. The checks that usually guard the ratepayers have been abandoned. This was quite right; the calamity of Lancashire was a very exceptional one; and it would have been running counter to the good sense and the good feeling of the country, not to have recognised that the poor of Lancashire were not to be treated this winter like ordinary paupers. But the worst is, we trust, over now, and we must soon begin to think how the transition is to be made from the laxity of a crisis to the strictness of ordinary life, and how the invalid is to take his place once more in the struggle of the world. We cannot treat the cotton trade as a special and favoured employment, to be protected from the evils and risks to which we allow all other forms of industry to be exposed. The old familiar doctrines of political economy must be allowed to operate. If it will pay to spin cotton, then cotton will be and ought to be spun; but if it will not pay to spin cotton, then capital must seek some other investment, and cotton spinners must earn their bread in some other occupation. The startling crisis of the American war, and the singularity of the fact that the great bulk of the raw material of the cotton trade should be all at once withheld from us because the people of the Southern States cannot bear the Yankees, have very naturally—and, for the moment, very properly—caused us to treat cotton-spinners as people to be protected by a special intervention of benevolence. But so far as we can speak of a thing that has not happened, we may safely venture to say that the cotton districts must have suffered severely about this time from the consequences of over-production, even if there had been no American war at all. Of course, this is no reason whatever for not helping Lancashire now, but it is a strong reason for putting the trade back as soon as possible on a level with all other trades. We now know pretty well what to expect as to the future supply of cotton. It will not come in suddenly in a great quantity of the sort

that is most liked; but steadily and by degrees it will come in from various quarters, and energy and capital will gradually make the quality better. The cotton mills may be expected early in the spring to resume work to some extent. They will not work full time, not only because the supply of cotton will be short, but also because there will not, in all probability, be a market active enough to absorb all that Lancashire could produce. It may very likely turn out that there are too many cotton mills in Lancashire and too many cotton hands. If so, there is but one remedy—some of the mills must be closed, and some of the hands must seek other employments. This is how every other trade is brought to its proper equilibrium; and we must take care that we do not do anything to arrest this natural and healthy process by which the cotton trade will be put on a sound basis in obedience to the laws of demand and supply.

But unless those who have some control over the course of events in Lancashire, and more especially the Poor Law Board and the House of Commons, exercise a proper degree of vigilance, the cotton trade may easily be fostered and favoured in a very unhealthy and unwise way, without the mode in which this is taking place being very apparent. The poor have to be led back out of the shelter of protection; and there may seem a great hardship in subjecting them to the trial. The manufacturers may almost unconsciously take advantage of the peculiar position which Lancashire occupies under the Poor Law to get an assistance in their competition with the foreigner, to which they are by no means entitled. Both these are dangers against which it is necessary to guard. In ordinary times, the able-bodied poor who, from some sudden disaster of trade receive outdoor relief, are made to do work out-of-doors. This has a most excellent effect. It prevents the growth of the notion that a poor man, when thrown out of his usual employment, has a claim on his richer neighbours to be kept in comfortable idleness. It makes those who are relieved feel that the time which is bad for the ratepayers is also bad for those on whom the rates are expended. But it has also a further effect of equal importance. The poor who have not been accustomed to outdoor labour do not like it. They find it tiring, chilly, and monotonous. They, therefore, try to avoid it, and the only way of avoiding it open to them is to gain a livelihood in some channel of industry where labour is wanted. The application of the labour test is thus the practical means by which the poor are guided from trades where there is overproduction to trades where the demand is not more than met by the supply. It is exceedingly dangerous to deprive the poor of this guiding power for any length of time. But in Lancashire the labour test has been practically abandoned. This may have been in most places necessary and right, as there has been so extraordinary a crisis; but it is equally necessary and right that the labour test should, as far as possible, be resumed throughout Lancashire in the spring. In some few of the outlying cotton districts it has never been abandoned, and there can be no doubt that the places which have continued the test have taken a course which may seem harsher for the moment, but which is likely to prove the wiser and kinder in the long run. At Macclesfield, for example, where a large portion of the population consists of cotton hands, the guardians have resolutely resisted the local pressure that has been used to induce them to abandon the test. And in doing so, they have not only relied on general principles, and on the good effects which have followed a strict application of the test in the parallel case of the silk hands, who have passed through a long period of distress, but their experience has enabled them to state that factory hands do not suffer physically from being made to work out of doors, and that their general health is as good as when they are employed in the mills.

But when we come to ask how the cotton trade is to be put on a sound footing, we are met by the fact that not only have the ordinary checks of the Poor Law been temporarily abandoned, but that Lancashire occupies, under the Poor Law itself, an exceptional position. The great leading feature of the Poor Law was that it stopped outdoor relief being given in aid of wages. Under the old system, a man might be paid partly by his employer and partly out of the rates; or, in other words, the wages of a labourer were not paid wholly by the person who hired him, but in part by his employer's neighbours. The new Poor Law put an end to this as a general rule; but a certain number of unions were excepted from its operation in this respect, and among those excepted were all the chief unions of Lancashire. In August, 1852, however, it was thought right that this exception should cease, and the Poor Law Board exercised the power which the Act gave it, and informed the Lancashire Unions that thenceforth

no outdoor relief was to be given in aid of wages. But the Government then in office happened to be Lord DERBY's Government, and the Lancashire Unions sent up a deputation to remonstrate against the order. It was a large, a powerful, and, we may venture to suppose, a tolerably confident deputation, and this was not the sort of body that the members of Lord DERBY's Government were in the habit of resisting; and so the deputation got what it wanted. The order was not exactly withdrawn, but there was a second explanatory order issued; and it was announced that, when the first order said that relief must not be given in aid of wages, all that was meant was that the relief and the wages were not to go on at the same moment, but that directly the wages stopped the relief might begin. Thus, if a cotton-hand worked four days a week at a mill, he might receive relief on the other two days from the rates. This is how the law now stands in Lancashire, and there is nothing to prevent very low wages being paid for the labour of four days, and then these wages being raised to the level of a decent maintenance out of the rates. In the winter of 1857, there was, we believe, some little help given out of the rates to persons working short time. But, otherwise, the state of the cotton trade since 1852 has been so generally prosperous, that no question has arisen as to the propriety of supplementary wages out of the rates. And if the ratepayers were now made to pay in ready money, we might, perhaps, safely leave it to them to see that their money was not taken from them in order to enable the manufacturers to get cheap labour. But if large borrowing powers are given, the ratepayers will have no longer any very strong motive for opposing the employers of labour, who are usually the great men of the place, and on whom most of them are more or less directly dependent. It may, therefore, very easily happen that if there is a good round sum of money in hand, the mill-owners may be tempted to spend a part of it in getting their labour cheap, and thus carrying on a competition which the state of the cotton trade, if left to itself, would not justify. Nor could they be much blamed for doing so, as they would only be making use of an exceptional privilege which the weakness of the administrators of the law had conceded to them. But although they ought not to be blamed for taking this advantage, they ought to be prevented, if possible, from using it. If they are permitted to borrow, they ought to be forced to do so under the supervision and with the express sanction of the Poor Law Board, and the Board might very easily refuse to permit the borrowing unless this power of supplementing wages out of the rates was abandoned. It is a danger against which it is easy to guard, provided only that it is seen in time, and provided also that the Poor Law Board is not afraid of doing its duty.

#### THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.

THE hearty sympathy of England for the Italian cause must serve as an excuse for a kind of minute superintendence which may, perhaps, sometimes provoke feelings of irritation. Independent communities are content that their revolutions, their wars, and their national policy should be discussed and criticized by foreigners as matters of general concern, but they may reasonably object to alien interference with administrative details, or with the selection of members of a Cabinet. English newspaper correspondents at Turin properly participate in the interest of the movements which it is their business to report, and it is perfectly natural that they should advocate or oppose the claims of different candidates to the succession of RATTAZZI; but distant observers in England ought to be aware that the Italians must settle their own affairs, and they take for granted that there are reasons for the difficulties which impede the formation of a Ministry, and for the choice by which impediments are ultimately removed. A few days since, it was stated that Signor PASOLINI, Prefect of Turin, and formerly of Milan, had succeeded in constructing a Cabinet. It now appears, however, that FARINI, who is better known abroad, is the new Prime Minister. Some annoyance has been caused by the tacit exclusion of RICASOLI and by the refusal of the KING to send for BUONCOMPAGNI, who had acted as leader of the Parliamentary majority; but experienced politicians will not too suddenly be surprised or scandalized. In England alone, of constitutional nations, the Crown has gradually, and perhaps finally, renounced the right of raising personal objections to the representation of a dominant party; and yet the most recent experience shows that the choice between two rivals of equal claims confessedly rests with the Sovereign. As late as the time of GEORGE III., obnoxious statesmen were

often rejected by the KING; and WILLIAM IV., by his own act, raised Lord MELBOURNE to the head of a party of which he was only an important member. The Italians are by no means bound to adopt the latest English interpretation of a gradually varying Constitution. It is sufficient for their purpose that they have a power of dismissing any Royal favourite who may fail to satisfy their political demands. The KING cannot at present reappoint RATTAZZI nor can he provide a successor who might be equally unacceptable to the Parliament. If he entertains any personal prejudice against eligible statesmen, it is better to submit to a temporary inconvenience than to provoke a mischievous collision.

The vexation of some zealous patriots has found vent in imputations on the conduct of the KING, which are at least unseasonable. VICTOR EMMANUEL has displayed exemplary good faith throughout a reign of fifteen years; and even if there were any reason to fear that he was about to reverse his conduct, it would be imprudent to express the suspicion. Italy cannot consolidate either freedom or unity without the aid of the KING; and as long as he defends the national cause, it is judicious to overlook any exceptional weakness or error. In the recent crisis, he pursued, as on all former occasions, a thoroughly constitutional course. Instead of maintaining RATTAZZI in office by the exercise of his prerogative, the KING refused to create agitation in the country by a resort to a dissolution. He was probably satisfied that the constituencies shared the opinions of their representatives, and he acquiesced, without any open display of reluctance, in the Parliamentary verdict. He has since tendered office to several politicians of respectable character, and he has at last appointed a Minister who has rendered considerable services to the national cause. The leaders of different parties will probably show their usual tact by avoiding, for the present, any further change of Administration. The new Cabinet, if it is deficient in personal weight, is neither disreputable nor reactionary; and the sense of national dignity has been sufficiently vindicated by the fall of RATTAZZI. The Italians were, in former ages, proud of their capacity for waiting, and the national character has not degenerated in the present day. No great community, during so difficult and lengthened a crisis, has been so seldom chargeable with impatience or rashness.

FARINI is a scholar, a politician of moderate opinions, and an administrator of considerable experience. He was Under-Secretary in the short-lived Liberal Administration of PIUS IX. down to the murder of Rossi, and at a later period he held office at different times in the Cabinet of CAVOUR. He lately failed in the difficult task of establishing order in Naples; but he had previously administered the Duchies, in the interval which preceded the annexation, with acknowledged success. His *History of Modern Italy*, which was partly translated into English by Mr. GLADSTONE, proves FARINI's knowledge of the principles of constitutional government, and his devotion to the national interests. His special tendencies and his personal connexions are probably well known at Turin, but they are scarcely suitable topics of discussion in England. The statement of the policy of his Government has been favourably received by the Parliament, and it gives the promise of a prudent and vigorous Administration. He will labour to complete the internal organization of the country, and to represent Italy worthily abroad. Declaring "unshaken confidence in the accomplishment of Italian unity," he abstains from making "promises which might not be followed by immediate effects," and "awaits the course of events without illusions and without discouragement." In fact, his foreign policy will be, substantially, that which every possible Minister must adopt, for the general dissatisfaction which overthrew RATTAZZI was caused rather by the manner and details of his conduct than by its substance or purpose. The new Minister has the advantage of not having paid recent visits to Paris, and of not having been mixed up in the untoward dealings with GARIBALDI. All rational Italians are aware that it is impossible at present to obtain possession either of Rome or of Venice; and if the Government shows itself energetic and successful in effecting internal improvements, its services to the country will be readily appreciated. There is abundant room for an able administrator in the departments of police, of finance, of public works, and of commerce. Mr. HENNESSY will scarcely convince Englishmen that Tuscany ought to have remained an Austrian dependency because the Sardinian tariff imposed additional charges on certain kinds of woollen goods; but if Piedmontese Customs duties have diminished the imports in any part of Italy, the Government cannot but promote the public interest by obtaining the

consent of the Parliament to a liberal modification of the tariff. The encouragement of trade, both by the reduction of duties and by the extension of railways, will be the most effective mode of increasing the revenue, and consequently of improving public credit. A kingdom of vast resources, which sees its 5 per cent. stock quoted at 70, offers to a competent statesman a field of utility which will not soon be exhausted. The restoration of tranquillity in Naples would be a still greater achievement.

Perhaps the most puzzling question which awaits an Italian Minister is raised by the remarkable enterprise of Father PASAGLIA. RICASOLI would have boldly protected the ten thousand independent priests and their leader, both from a sense of justice, and in the hope that they might form the nucleus of a national Church. The ecclesiastical revolution which commenced ten years ago in Piedmont may possibly become even more momentous than any of the political changes with which it has been closely connected. If the alienation between Rome and Turin continues, half the sees of Italy will soon be left without bishops; and when a reconciliation is found to be impracticable, the laity, with the concurrence of the dissentient clergy, may possibly determine on dispensing with Papal institutions. A schism including the whole of Italy would, perhaps be beneficial; but a reform which permanently divided the population into two hostile sections might reproduce the political dismemberment of Germany, or the chronic dissensions of Ireland. A wise statesman may probably do well to temporize and to wait, although he is bound in the meantime to protect the civil rights of the loyal clergy, as long as they abstain from violations of the orthodox doctrine and discipline. The Papal Court, though it claims ecumenical authority, has always been composed of Italians, and in time the national sentiment may perhaps find its way even within the walls of the Vatican.

#### DOCTORS AND MADMEN.

EVEN the Northern Americans, infatuated as they are with the passion for war, have begun to recognise the inconvenience of a system of arbitrary imprisonment, while we have been congratulating ourselves on the supposed impossibility of any Englishman being incarcerated without reasonable cause. And yet there is a rather numerous and important class—comprising all those people who quarrel with their wives—who are liable to imprisonment, at any moment, on the arbitrary decree of any two persons who profess the art of medicine. If the case of HALL *v.* SEMPLE is to be taken as a specimen of the way in which these matters are managed, it would be difficult to say who is safe from incarceration; and though it is not to be supposed that every physician is like Dr. SEMPLE, still, considering the extraordinary monomania which prevails in the medical profession on the subject of insanity, the enormous power which may be exercised by any two practitioners may well be regarded with alarm. If the phrase is admissible, Mr. HALL may be described as a man of extraordinary sanity. It is true he was not partial to his wife, and did not believe her to be a desirable helpmate; but, judging from the evidence, he would perhaps have laid himself open to the suspicion of delusions if he had taken kindly to the form of matrimonial discipline which fell to his lot. The great legal truth which is vindicated by the admirable summing up of Mr. Justice CROMPTON, that "a man may hate and detest his wife very much, and yet not be a madman," might have been thought a truism, if the exercise of the unamiable privilege had not been treated as conclusive proof of dangerous insanity.

For twenty or thirty years the uncomfortable couple had wrangled through life, sometimes together, sometimes separate—the husband by no means tender in his complaints and rebukes, the wife far from scrupulous in the matter of pawning her husband's goods, and with a strong taste for developing every domestic jar into a public disturbance. That she should have met with a couple of sympathizing doctors is perhaps not very surprising, though the finding of the jury justifies the belief that Dr. SEMPLE, and probably Mr. GUY also, were free from all unworthy motives. It does not follow, because Mr. GUY acknowledges to being very seldom solvent, and Dr. SEMPLE admits that he is more familiar with lunacy certificates than with bank-notes, that they are to be suspected of anything so monstrous as giving certificates for the imprisonment of a man whom they believed to be sane; but it is precisely what is called the *bona fides* of their conduct that makes the case so alarming. If it had been a criminal conspiracy to charge a sane man with lunacy for the sake of a guinea fee, there would remain the consolation of believing that an

offence so monstrous must be proportionally rare. But the ideas on which Dr. SEMPLE acted, and which Mr. GUY persisted in his evidence in justifying, have so infected the medical profession as to make the enjoyment of personal liberty a precarious blessing for which hearty thanksgivings should be offered. It may be hoped that the verdict which Dr. SEMPLE's culpable rashness so well deserved will induce more caution in future; but it is said, by those who are familiar with such cases, that, where a family is desirous of getting rid of a troublesome and ill-conducted member, it is not nearly so difficult as it should be to open the doors of a lunatic asylum. Probably the case which has just been tried is an extreme example of the facility with which certificates are given; but Mr. GUY may not be the only practitioner who holds that a dominant feeling of dislike to a wife, or anyone else, is sufficient evidence to justify a certificate of dangerous insanity. Whether the reasons assigned in the certificates themselves, or those which were put forward in evidence, are supposed to have been the grounds of the incarceration, there is something quite appalling in the offhand way in which a man's liberty may be taken from him by, it may be, two ignorant and careless practitioners. All that Dr. SEMPLE could say of his own knowledge, when he signed the certificate, was, that on the occasion of an intrusive and impudent visit, the patient had received him with a wild and staring look, with restless eyes and nervous agitated manner, and that he made charges against his wife which, as it turned out, were perfectly true in the sense in which the so-called madman meant them to be taken. The usual medical jargon that the patient was "evidently labouring under delusions, and acted upon them," was added on no foundation whatever, except that he had accused his wife of misconduct which she denied.

It is notorious that, on any trial which turns upon medical evidence, both sides are always able to obtain skilled evidence as strong as they desire; and, when the question is one of sanity or insanity, there are always lunacy-theorists to be found who will discover madness in the most harmless eccentricity or the most natural indignation. This matters little when the opinions so delivered have to be weighed by a jury, who, as a matter of course, set them aside; but when doctors are allowed, not only to talk nonsense, but to act upon it to the extent of shutting up a patient in a lunatic asylum, it becomes important to prune the extravagance of their mental philosophy. Possibly this may be done in some degree by a few verdicts like that which has been found against Dr. SEMPLE, but if this remedy should prove ineffectual, it will be time to consider whether the power which the law places in the hands of medical practitioners should not be considerably abridged. At any rate, if we are to live under medical despotism, common prudence requires that we should study the principles on which the rule is administered. Dr. GUY to the last maintained the soundness of his judgment; and, unless restrained by the fear of consequences, he would be ready to give another certificate to-morrow, that Mr. HALL is a dangerous lunatic who cannot safely be left at liberty. His theory of madness is sufficiently comprehensive. The wife, it seems, complained to him some years ago of her husband's treatment, and showed him a looking glass which, according to her story—which was flatly contradicted—her husband had broken with a shovel. Forthwith the doctor forced himself on the supposed lunatic, felt his pulse, asked to see his tongue, and told him, of course in the most conciliatory manner, that his wife's life was in danger from him. It is not very surprising that he should be told in reply that he was an impudent fool, and the only wonder is that he was not kicked down stairs; but on this evidence he came to the conclusion, which he still maintains, that the man was suffering "from a disease of some of the 'feelings' which might cause violence, passion, or murder, and was evidenced by 'a disinclination to see his wife and 'children comfortable.'" And that is what Mr. GUY considers clear proof that Mr. HALL was a "monomaniacal homicide." Not only did Mr. GUY give a certificate in 1856, and another, in conjunction with Dr. SEMPLE, in 1862, but it seems that Dr. LINTON had done the same a few years before; and the reasonable inference is, that any angry woman who chooses to find fault with her husband's conduct, with or without reason, may have as many certificates of insanity as she likes to pay for. The complaisance of the medical profession does not even stop here, for Dr. SEMPLE, not content with certifying the insanity of the husband, gave a testimonial to the wife that she was a virtuous and injured woman, founded entirely on her own statements made directly to himself, or filtered through Mr. GUY.

The jury took a kindly, though probably also a correct, view

of the evidence, in saying that the incredible folly and recklessness of the defendant was not inconsistent with *bona fides*; but a point was taken on the trial by bill of exceptions, which, if it could possibly be sustained, would necessitate an immediate revision of the law. The theory of the defence was, that however stupid, ignorant, and careless the conduct of a medical man may be, he is in no way responsible for a false certificate, if he brings himself to believe that it is true. He may abstain from all inquiry; he may draw his inferences from the anger provoked by his own impertinence, or from the wild exaggerations of an ill-conditioned woman; and then, having consigned his victim to the most horrible kind of confinement, he may screen himself from all responsibility by saying that he was silly enough to believe that his certificate was right. After the strong opinion of the learned judge against this interpretation of the statute, there may not be much fear of its being supported by a Court of Error; but there is, perhaps, some ambiguity in the provisions of the Act, and it is possible that they may be read as giving to any two persons who come within the definition of medical practitioners an absolute power of inflicting imprisonment, with an absolute freedom from all responsibility for the grossest carelessness and folly.

The Lunacy Act does provide some safeguards against the abuse of the powers given to the medical profession. The certificates on which a patient is to be received in a lunatic asylum must have been separately signed, within a week, by two practitioners; but there is nothing, apparently, to prevent each of them from founding his opinion on the statements of the other. Then the grounds of the opinion must be set forth; but there is no provision to exclude reasons as absurd and irrelevant as those which existed in the case of Mr. HALL. There is no express injunction that, before signing the warrant of imprisonment, the doctor shall make diligent inquiry, or any inquiry at all; and though the giving of a maliciously false certificate is made a misdemeanour, there is an express absolution for all things done in pursuance or by authority of the Act. Whether grossly careless certificates can be said, if *bona-fide*, to be given under the authority of the Act, is the question reserved for the Court of Error; and if the decision should be in accordance with Mr. Justice CROMPTON's ruling, there will at least be this check on the absurdities of insanity-doctors, that they will be committed under the risk of a verdict for damages, in case a jury should hold them not to be justified by the facts. Whether this will be a sufficient safeguard, experience only can prove; but there seems no reason why the exercise of the power given by the statute should not be hedged round by specific provisions for the safety of the public. For example, what could be more reasonable than to make it a *sine qua non* that the certificate should state that inquiries had been made of all the accessible members of the family, and should give the results of those inquiries. In Mr. HALL's case, all his children and neighbours would have testified with one voice to his perfect sanity; and even Dr. SEMPLE and Mr. GUY might have hesitated to sign a certificate of lunacy if they had been compelled to admit, on the face of the document, that, with the single exception of a wife who had quarrelled with him, every one who knew him pronounced him to be sane. Other provisions of the same kind might very easily be added, though it would be needful at the same time not to weaken the liability, which has just been established, for negligence which might not fall within any specific clause. The LORD CHANCELLOR has sufficiently signified his estimate of medical evidence in insanity cases by the trenchant Bill which he carried through Parliament for pruning its excesses, and it would be a legitimate corollary to this statute to put some further check upon the arbitrary powers of a class which includes numbers on whose judgment so little reliance is to be placed.

#### AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE laws of political clamour in Federal America are so simple and uniform that little sagacity is required in anticipating the proximate form of the incessant abuse against England. It was easy to foresee that the refusal of the English Government to concur in the proposed mediation would be a more popular pretext for vituperation than the open defiance, by France, of Federal threats and warnings. It is remarked, with a certain admixture of truth, that both decisions proceeded from selfish motives; and it is not for New York journalists to distinguish between French impatience and the enlightened regard to self-interest, as well as to justice, which has dictated the persistent neutrality of England. It ill becomes foreigners to mix themselves up with the squabbles

of American factions, but, on the whole, the Republicans have been more unscrupulous in their wanton animosity than their more Conservative opponents. One of the most respectable of the few English journals which have advocated Northern doctrines is actually obliged to assert that the virulent *New York Times*, of which the proprietor and editor presided over the Republican State Convention, has been in some mysterious manner purchased by the Democrats. In the same sense, it may be said that Mr. LINCOLN's negro proclamation betrays, as far as it is illegal and mischievous, a Democratic origin. It is by no means the business of England to feel or express jealous irritation because France or Russia is habitually preferred by the public opinion of the North; yet scrupulous consciences which have been troubled by the violent accusations of American journalists may, in some degree, be quieted by the demonstration that it is impossible to appease their inveterate hostility. The French offer of mediation was declined by England and by Russia, nearly at the same time, on precisely similar grounds. In the comments of the Federal press, France and England are described as equally culpable and unfriendly; while the neutrality of Russia, who had no possible motive for interfering in the quarrel, is regarded as a sufficient ground for cordial expressions of gratitude. It may be inferred that if the *Alabama* had been purchased at Brest or Havre, instead of at Liverpool, the impudent pretence that the sale of contraband articles to an enemy is an act of war would never have been devised or propounded. Unless England could cease to be England, it is impossible to conciliate American good-will; although it may be hoped that just dealings, combined with habitual contempt for verbal provocations, will obviate the apparent risk of actual rupture.

Either as a consequence of the Democratic triumph in the State elections, or in preparation for the meeting of Congress, Mr. STANTON has released some classes of prisoners who had been illegally confined by order of the PRESIDENT. All who were imprisoned on the vague charge of discouraging the draught are at once to be set at liberty; and the citizens who have been arrested for disaffection in the Southern States may be released at the discretion of the subordinate authorities. Prisoners who have suffered at the absolute discretion of the SECRETARY OF STATE, or of the SECRETARY OF WAR, appear not to be included in the terms of the amnesty; and if there are still lovers of constitutional freedom to be found in the North, the partial reparation of personal wrongs, unaccompanied by an abandonment of illegal pretensions, will not tend to absolve the Executive Government from the heavy responsibilities which it has incurred. An Abolitionist writer inquires, perhaps in simple good faith, what is the meaning of *habeas corpus*. It might be answered, generally, that it is the recognized security of that kind of freedom which is appreciated in England, although it seems to have fallen out of fashion in America. The partial suspension of arbitrary government was, perhaps, rendered necessary by the approach of the accession to office of the Democratic Governor in New York. In the remote regions of the West, a Provost Marshal has recently answered a judicial charge to a grand jury by the public announcement that the maintenance of State laws, in opposition to the orders of the PRESIDENT, will be summarily punished; and police officers are required only to enforce the process of the Courts in the case of offences which are learnedly defined as *mala in se*. At Memphis, the Federal troops are probably more numerous and more efficient than any force which could be employed in defence of the rights of the State, but it might not be safe for the agents of arbitrary power to provoke a similar collision with the powerful State of New York, and with the Governor who commands its militia. It is better to empty the prisons by an exertion of prerogative than to persevere in illegal acts which might be forcibly defeated. In the important State of Ohio, it is expected that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, the professed advocate not only of moderation, but of peace, will be elected as Governor; but it is the obvious policy of the Democratic party, while it is still rising into supremacy, to concur in the vigorous prosecution of the war, and to direct its efforts chiefly against the illegal excesses of the Federal Government.

In a few days, the PRESIDENT's Message to Congress will probably throw considerable light on his present intentions. It seems a strange mode of opening a legislative session to announce that a vital measure of legislation has been irrevocably issued by the sole authority of the Executive Government; but the Senate and the outgoing House of Representatives contain Republican majorities, and both branches of Congress will probably add their superfluous sanction to the decree of negro emancipation. Americans attach little importance to the

opinions or acts of the House of Representatives, and any influence over opinion which Congress might claim will be in a great measure destroyed by the decision of the constituencies in favour of the Democratic party. The meeting of Congress partakes of the different characters of the commencement of an English Parliamentary session, and of a Lord Mayor's dinner. Public curiosity turns less on the inclinations of the Senate and Assembly than on the announcements which are customarily made by the chief of the Government. If Congress is a more political body than the Mayor and Aldermen of London, it possesses but an insignificant fraction of the powers which belong to the Imperial Parliament. The present Congress, having only three months to live, will probably not have time to convert into a legislative shape the sweeping revolution which the PRESIDENT has announced in his proclamation; and after March 4, the Democratic Opposition will take care that the unconstitutional encroachments of the Government are not covered by any show of technical regularity.

On the whole, the political proceedings of all parties must be principally regulated by the fortune of war. If General BURNSIDE really succeeds in an attack on Richmond, either from Fredericksburg or from Suffolk, the renewed confidence of the North will sweep away all resistance to the prosecution of a war of conquest. The Democrats themselves believe that negotiation would be easier after a decisive victory, forgetting that the demands of the Republicans would in that event transcend all bounds of moderation. In the meantime, neither party is strong enough to dispense with a display of vigour and enthusiasm. The Federal army in Virginia is perhaps the most numerous which has been brought together since the commencement of the war; and the large fleet of iron-plated ships seems to promise a series of safe and unmolested successes on the coasts and rivers. The conquest of Vicksburg, if not of Charleston and Mobile, may be reasonably anticipated, although the capture of Richmond may be regarded as highly improbable. It is stated, on doubtful authority, that President DAVIS has in vain recalled General JACKSON to the defence of the capital. If the story were true, it would indicate that JACKSON hopes to operate either against Washington or on BURNSIDE's communications; and as hitherto the discipline of the Confederate army seems to have been admirably preserved, it is incredible that the second general of the South can have set superior authority at defiance when the safety of Richmond is at stake. The delay of BURNSIDE before Fredericksburg is conjecturally attributed to an intention of moving his army by sea to Suffolk, or to some suitable point on the eastern coast. The Republican organs are certain only that he will reach Richmond, but not as to the road by which he is to approach it. The war is once more to be finished in ninety days, or, at least, within the year; and then the regenerated Union will employ the opportunity of internal peace in commencing that war with England which is to avenge an unnatural coldness of sympathy and an unpardonable habit of discussing current events.

#### THE OPENING OF THE BOULEVARD.

NO great constructional achievement is esteemed to be complete unless it is crowned by a ceremony and a speech. Our own Board of Works, when, after the agitation and deliberation of many years, it had accomplished a third part of a main drain, was careful to celebrate the triumph by a dinner, at which members of Parliament drank rate-supplied champagne, and delivered appropriate speeches within the vault of the vast *Cloaca*, and within nose-shot of its fragrant stream. Even Mr. COWPER, when he did not make a road through Kensington Gardens, but only did his little possible in that direction without success, thought it necessary to make a procession, consisting of himself, to the spot, and there, mounting on a tub, delivered an address to the nursery-maids. The ceremony which took place in the Place du Trône was undoubtedly of a more ambitious character, but it was strictly analogous in kind. The difference, as to taste and grandeur, in the improvements that have been recently accomplished in the two capitals, is not unaptly symbolized by a comparison between these two public appearances of their respective authors.

We are accustomed, however, in the EMPEROR's speeches, to look for something more than the platitudes which are the ordinary material of an ornamental address. His words are generally meant to serve a purpose, and rarely miss their aim. Even if they were less carefully weighed, the speech of the only Frenchman who is perfectly free to speak would merit close attention. We naturally watch with eagerness for every

indication of the secret workings of a system of government constructed so newly, in the teeth of such obstacles, and with such remarkable material success. For the present, and till America shall have settled down into something permanent enough for study, the French Empire is, to the historical student, the great phenomenon of our times. The skill with which NAPOLEON has outflanked the advance of freedom, and defeated it from what were thought to be its own strongest positions, has no parallel in recent history. The suppression of free writing and free speech, by virtue of universal suffrage and vote by ballot, was a masterpiece of dexterity in the man who did it for the first time. Now that it has been done, as in the story of COLUMBUS's egg, we can all of us see that it was very easy to do, and rather the natural result of universal suffrage and vote by ballot than otherwise; but when it was done, it took the Liberal party all over Europe very much by surprise, and the sympathies of the more extreme section of them have been vaguely fluctuating ever since. They cannot blind themselves to the fact that the Government of France is, in essentials, identical with the old-fashioned despotisms that have been denouncing all their lives; and, on the other hand, they do not like to permit themselves to question the excellence of that which has the undoubted sanction of the popular voice. The EMPEROR never loses an opportunity of profiting by his amphibious political origin. He flourishes his title of *Élu du Peuple* confidently in the eyes of the democrats of the world; and the deception is not too gross to be received by some, and to be connived at by a great many. He is still, in some sort, among crowned heads, the favourite of the extreme Liberal party on the Continent; and he is still held to deserve the occasional homage even of such immaculate Republicans as MESSRS. CORDEN and BRIGHT among ourselves. Nor is their position absolutely wanting in plausibility. He may be despotic, illiberal, retrograde; but that he reigns by the will, and with the full assent of the majority of his people, is no idle partisan boast, but a sober, sad, humiliating fact.

His speech on the Place du Trône exposes to view a specimen, on a small scale, of the mechanism by which this marvellous result is worked out. It is not addressed to the educated portion of the Parisians. The greater part of it is professedly and ostentatiously addressed to the class below them. He makes a perfunctory mention of "perfecting the taste of the people;" but the subjects on which he dwells, as if they really occupied his mind, are those which concern the material comforts of the artisan. The regulation of the bread trade, the establishment of loan societies, the opening of public promenades for the lower classes, are the matters on which he expatiates. It is assuredly no blame to him that he should care for these things; and if he spoke merely as a philanthropist, such solicitude would be deserving of all praise. But it would need a very charitable critic to read the words of the Emperor NAPOLEON as if they were the gushing forth of an irrepressible benevolence. A taste for kissing babies is a very amiable taste in a public man; but, if one of the candidates in a closely contested election takes to kissing babies, the hard world does not impute it to any extraordinary tenderness of heart. It is a matter of course that whatever sentiments the EMPEROR utters in public will be of a very laudable character. But the laudable sentiments must be interpreted much in the same way as the kissing of the babies. The only question is, whom is he canvassing? whose babies does he kiss? It is evident that he still looks for support to the class which originally seated him on the throne, and that he hopes little from any other. His object is to establish himself as a minor Providence in their eyes—finding them work when work is scarce, and cheap bread when bread is dear, and money when they have got no credit, and the honour of naming a Boulevard as soon as they have succeeded in making their fortunes. The attempt shows an enviable self-reliance; for, in taking up the part of an earthly Providence, he not only claims gratitude for past succour, but assumes the responsibility of all possible future contingencies. But it also shows what class he is addressing. They are the only class who, in these days, could be got to believe in the power of Government to make artificial work and artificial cheapness. There can be little question of his sagacity in electing to stand or fall by their adhesion. They are, on the whole, less fickle than their superiors. They will believe very nearly anything he likes to tell them, and they will let him do what he pleases with the newspapers. But, having hazarded everything on his popularity with them, it is easy to understand the nervousness with which he watches the progress of the Cotton Famine.

Allusions to the wars of the First Empire are almost an indispensable portion of every Imperial speech; and accord-

ingly they appear in great profusion in the speech of Sunday last. The EMPEROR naturally loves to keep alive the memories to which he owes his throne. But there is one disagreeable peculiarity about the allusions in this particular speech. They are all directed to the reverses, and not to the successes, of the First Empire. Prince EUGENE is celebrated as one of the heroes of the retreat from Russia, and as having refused the Crown of Italy, rather than owe it to the gift of the Allied Sovereigns. Surely the Viceroy of ITALY deserved some less negative praise than that of having retreated upon one occasion, and having refused a Crown upon another. LENOIR's services to his country were of a more positive kind, but they were not calculated to awaken more cheerful associations. His title to the honour of naming a Boulevard consisted, so far as his public services were concerned, in the assistance which he gave to the first NAPOLEON when the allied armies were invading France. It is difficult to understand why the present EMPEROR should have displayed a preference which, at least in the case of Prince EUGENE, was wholly unnecessary, for this dark portion of his uncle's history. It is foreign to the policy he usually observes of impressing upon the French the glories which their history owes to his family. It was not because NAPOLEON I. retreated from Russia, or provoked all Europe to invade his territory, or left his Italian conquests to the Allies to dispose of at their discretion, that he left behind him a name popular enough, after the lapse of thirty years, to elevate an unknown nephew to the throne. Experience has so deeply impressed upon men's minds the conviction that every word the present EMPEROR drops is carefully weighed, that they may be apt to attach to chance allusions an importance they do not deserve. But the events of the last three years of the Great War are not forgotten in France, and still excite, when they are remembered, a passionate craving for revenge which to our colder natures is inconceivable. It is difficult to believe that a NAPOLEON, upon a great public occasion, should have dwelt on the disgrace and disaster of those years, and should have forgotten the national susceptibilities upon that subject which he is well known to share. Perhaps he thinks that the passion for foreign war, even if not gratified, would tend to deaden other feelings of discontent. At this anxious moment, when the foreign influence of France is impaired and her domestic prosperity is seriously perilled, every topic of distraction is of priceless value to the EMPEROR. It is less organized conspiracy than sudden impulsive fits of passion that have been hitherto dangerous to French Governments. To watch them as they gather, and, before they burst, to provide them with a safe conductor, is the art of government in France. In times of distress like the present such storms are easily raised, and all the EMPEROR's skill will be needed to avert them. As yet it is difficult to conjecture whether he will be driven to recur to the last desperate resource of war, either with America or any other Power; but such a result will be far from impossible if the distress should become more intense, or if the attempts upon his life, of which we have recently heard so much, should actually recommence.

#### THE SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Southampton election has awfully scandalized the Friends of Progress and of the People. That a popular constituency, a Liberal constituency, an advanced Liberal constituency—a constituency which only the other day did itself the honour of choosing Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR as its representative—should come down to a Tory alderman from London, whose only conspicuous qualification is a pledge to get up a new railway company, is a phenomenon which drives Radical journalism beside itself with bewilderment and indignation. For the first time these fifteen years, we are told, a body of electors in which the Liberals outnumber their opponents by something like two to one has been guilty of the recreancy of electing a Conservative candidate. That Lord PALMERSTON's own town, too, where the Liberal PREMIER makes so many pleasant and graceful speeches on all sorts of subjects and all sorts of occasions, should turn upon him in this way, and reduce still further a majority (if it be a majority) already barely sufficient to keep his Cabinet together, is an unheard-of treachery to every public principle and every private obligation. Naturally, the Radical papers are furious. They abuse the electors, they abuse the defeated candidate, they abuse the PRIME MINISTER. It is a "disgusting spectacle," says one angry writer. The Southampton people are a set of "political Helots," says another. "Unprincipled constituency!" ejaculates a third. Of course, Captain MANGLES comes in for a good

many hard words. He is discovered, now that he is beaten, to have been all along a very poor creature indeed. After all, he deserved nothing better. He was never anything more than a miserable "pretender." His whole capital consisted of certain "dead forms of political speech." He would infallibly have been elected, only he was not "worth electing." Nevertheless, though not by any means the right sort of man, he was really rejected because Lord PALMERSTON's Government has left off introducing Reform Bills, and has "made away with every other great Parliamentary question." In short, there was nobody and nothing worth fighting for, and so the whole affair resolved itself into a petty local struggle between rival steam-packet and railway companies, in which the Tory candidate happened to come in the winner.

There may be more or less of truth in some of these angry recriminations of the defeated party, though they come awkwardly from Radical pens, but they furnish no adequate account of the disagreeable fact. Nothing can be further from our purpose than to assert that Captain MANGLES was worth electing, and we have the humblest possible opinion of the dead forms of political speech which constituted his sole stock-in-trade. From the Radical point of view, however, we should have supposed he was particularly well worth electing; and, if he had happened to be successful, his pretensions would probably have been pronounced more than respectable. Those same dead forms of political speech which it is now found convenient to deride ought, by every rule and tradition of ultra-Liberalism, to have placed him triumphantly at the head of the poll. The Captain strikes us as decidedly a model candidate, according to the accredited standard of the Radical platform. He said his catechism without once tripping. He bolted all the regulation pledges as if he enjoyed them. "Extension of the franchise, Ballot, abolition of Church-rates, "progressive political and ecclesiastical reform"—what more would people have? He was introduced by his mover in the character of "a firm, tried, and consistent Liberal," and it is only fair to say that he appears to realize all that is commonly understood by this dead form of political speech. He claims to have "always supported these measures"—namely, extension of the franchise, Ballot, and the rest—"both in and out of Parliament, for more than twenty years," and we do not observe that the claim was in any respect disputed. We must say that Captain MANGLES gets hard measure from those to whom he must have naturally thought himself entitled to look for support and approbation. As far as we can make out, this tried and consistent Reformer of twenty years' standing was just as well worth electing as nine-tenths of the respectable mediocrities who sit in the House of Commons in virtue of the identical pledges which are now discovered to be lifeless formulas. Equally unsatisfactory is the theory which explains the discomfiture of Southampton Liberalism by Lord PALMERSTON's treason to the cause of the people. If the electors of Southampton are so intensely disgusted with the present Government for having shelved "the great question of Reform," there is the more reason why they should send a second independent representative to Parliament to co-operate with Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR in holding a faithless Minister to his forgotten engagements. Of all imaginable ways of expressing indignant zeal for the cause which a traitorous Administration has abandoned, surely the very oddest is the rejection of a tried and consistent Reformer, in favour of a gentleman whose solitary claim to popular support is the undertaking to agitate for a broad-gauge railway. If Southampton is really angry with Lord PALMERSTON for having thrown cold water on extension of the franchise, Ballot, abolition of Church-rates, and progressive political and ecclesiastical reform, it must be owned that it has taken a most eccentric mode of giving utterance to its feelings.

We fear we must fall back on the simple, though odious, hypothesis that Southampton has rejected Captain MANGLES because it has not the smallest taste for his political programme. It really prefers the Tory Alderman's broad gauge to the Radical Captain's broad principles, and would honestly like a new railway better than a new Reform Bill. The affair is not a case of "Conservative reaction" exactly, for in this contest of rival companies and interests, the winning candidate seems to have had next to nothing to say about politics of any sort; but it is a very clear case indeed of the decadence of that stereotyped form of Liberalism which, only three years ago, was able to make and unmake Cabinets, and to extort a simulated homage from competing statesmen and party leaders. It simply means that a particular description of political cant has lost its attractions in quarters where it was once all-powerful. We cannot pretend to applaud or admire the choice of the Southampton electors, and, in its obvious practical aspect, it is matter

for sincere regret. They have degraded a contest for the representation of an important borough into a vulgar squabble of local cliques and trade interests, and have damaged the position and authority of a Government which no sensible and patriotic Englishman can desire to see displaced or weakened. But the course they have taken, though anything but creditable, is perfectly intelligible, and can only perplex those who choose to shut their eyes on notorious facts. People have ceased to believe in the political nostrums to which an incendiary platform rhetoric once lent a factitious importance, and the expiring echoes of a spurious agitation fall dead on listless or displeased ears. There is, indeed, no reason to believe that, either at Southampton or elsewhere, any large body of English electors would be unmoved by a genuine appeal to their sympathies and convictions; but it is hopeless to attempt to keep a great party together by idly parroting verbal formulae which the educated intelligence of the country repudiates as meaningless or mischievous. Improved railway accommodation is at any rate a less irrational, as well as a more harmless, object of electoral preference than the deterioration of the constituent body by the indiscriminate admission of ignorant or venal voters. If the Liberal party and the Liberal Government suffer from the discredit which reflection and experience have brought on crotchetts with which they once thought it to their advantage to identify themselves, there is nothing to be said but that an inexorable Nemesis waits on those who have raised political capital and credit on false pretences. Statesmen who permitted Mr. BRIGHT to place them in power must not complain if they participate, more or less, in the fortunes of their former patron.

#### REDUCTION OF ESTIMATES.

IT is very evident, both from the *communiqué* with which Mr. BRIGHT's organ was favoured and from the appointment of an economy Committee at the Horse Guards, that the evil days of retrenchment are coming on us fast. We have indulged in a financial revel, and we are awaking to the retributive headache. The speculative finance of the last few years is beginning to bear the fruits which all cautious observers dreaded. It was marked by two grave defects. It was founded upon a new and very doubtful principle, and it was carried into effect with a precipitation which would have been rash even if its soundness had been mathematically ascertained. Sir GEORGE LEWIS, adhering to the doctrines of earlier financiers, maintained that small taxes levied from a large number of articles were less galling to the people, and safer for the Exchequer. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the contrary, holds the view that the perfect system of taxation is that which is imposed entirely upon a few articles of large consumption. He has acted upon that plan, and we are now in a condition to judge of its merits. It would answer admirably, if all the world would bind itself over to keep the peace. But as even the most advanced and enlightened of nations is not superior to warlike passions, the system is apt to break down in times of trouble. It sins against the proverb which warns us not to put all our eggs in a single basket. Two of the great props upon which our Exchequer rests have been rudely shaken by the shock of the American war. The tobacco duties are giving way in consequence of the blockade, which shuts out from us the products of Virginia; and the spirit duties are still more seriously affected by the Lancashire distress. If the threat of the Taepings to desolate the tea districts should be carried into effect, the tea duties must also suffer in proportion. As these three items form a third of the whole revenue, they cannot decline without leaving a perceptible mark upon the national balance-sheet, and it is tolerably certain that the two first of them, at least, will be deficient. Unfortunately, the manner of the recent changes influences our financial position quite as unfavourably as the principle on which they were made. For the purpose of bringing them all within Mr. GLADSTONE's term of office, they were conducted with so much precipitation that for two years past the Balance-sheet has shown a steady deficit. There is no margin, therefore, for untoward accidents. If, as is almost certain to happen, any of the great duties should fall off, next April must see either an increase of taxation, which the nation is in no humour to bear, or else a reduction of expenditure.

The efforts that are being made to operate upon the Army Estimates show that the Government fully foresees this melancholy dilemma. The first idea of a perplexed financier always is to cut down the army. It is looked upon as a sort of luxury, like a private gentleman's carriage, which is naturally

"put down" when times are bad. The philosophy of this plan is not easy to understand. The army is either an indispensable necessity or an intolerable waste. If the force maintained is greater than is necessary for the defence of English interests, it ought to be reduced at once, whether times are good or bad. But if, as most of us believe, it barely suffices for that purpose, it is as far removed from an optional luxury as any expenditure that can be conceived. Defence is an article of the first necessity. The whole of the costly fabric we maintain, all our administrative and judicial machinery, is only valuable so long as it can perform its functions in security from external attack. If our army is not more than is necessary for our defence, there is nothing in the whole length of our Finance Accounts that ought not to be rather sacrificed. It would be better to prorogue Parliament for a year, and save the half-million of expenses with which, last year, we purchased the advantage of its deliberations. It might be more profitable even to economize the seven hundred thousand pounds which are annually misspent in public buildings. Perhaps we might go so far as to spare something from the eight hundred thousand pounds which are applied to the provision of creature comforts for the convicts, and which, when their term is over, turns them out in that condition of first-rate muscular development, with which many of us have been unpleasantly familiar during the past month. We might make many other excursions among the miscellaneous Estimates, and find items of godly size, which could be better spared than the necessary defences, to which we owe it that we are able to pass or to refuse Estimates at all. Unless there has been a striking change in the aspect of the political horizon, any statesman who cuts down the force of the army practically confesses that up to that time the army has been too large. The present Government cannot make such an admission without belying its own assertions, constantly and earnestly reiterated on every possible occasion. For it cannot be pretended that the political horizon is less threatening than it was in the spring of the present year. A breach with America is, if anything, less improbable than it was in March. Germany and Denmark, Italy and Austria, Greece and Turkey, all present apt materials for a possible conflagration, whose flames we may not be able to escape. And our neighbour across the Channel, who is really the author of our strenuous arming, is as dangerous as he ever was before. The fact that he is engaged in tiding over a domestic danger of unknown magnitude is not calculated to encourage us to count too securely upon his well-known passion for peace. If, under these circumstances, the Government reduces our armed force, it will amount to a confession that the large Estimates of recent years have been a causeless and guilty waste.

But there is another form which military retrenchment may take. It may be said that our force is not too large, but only too dear. It has often been asserted that, with better organization, an equal defensive power might be produced at smaller cost. The present SECRETARY FOR WAR has recorded his opinion that the possibility of any such saving, to a perceptible extent, is quite imaginary. We do not venture to pronounce a definitive opinion upon a question which must be decided entirely upon technical issues. It is understood that the Committee which is now sitting at the Horse Guards has been specially charged with this investigation. That departments which have grown up so much at haphazard as the departments that are connected with the defensive services might be re-organized upon a cheaper, and yet not less efficient plan, is very likely indeed. Organization is the weak point of Englishmen. The practice of paying civil servants at a very low rate, and then indemnifying them by demanding very little work from them, is in the end far more burdensome to the Exchequer than a scale of higher salaries, better earned. The French, whom in matters of organization we may always confidently imitate, have but just recast their War Office upon this principle. But we fear that it is no such wholesome thrif as this that is to be practised here. From the intimations that have crept out, we gather that it is not economy in its true sense, but its bastard brother, cheese-paring, which the Committee of the Horse Guards are engaged in carrying out. They will recast and reorganize nothing; they will only scrape away an office expense here, and chip off a salary there, until the fragments make up a respectable sum to present, as their triumph of economy, to the House of Commons. England has played that expensive game before, and has paid handsomely for the amusement. It was precisely the process which was carried on, with a free hand, in that palmy period of our history when Lord JOHN RUSSELL was Prime Minister, and Sir CHARLES WOOD was

Chancellor of the Exchequer. For a time, a small saving was the result. Economists recur with fond regret to the year 1853, as the last year in which the Estimates bore any tolerable approximation to their ideal. It was, in truth, the last year before the great exposure which consigned the system of cheese-paring to general contempt. The Crimean war came, and put the military reductions to the stern test of facts. It will be a long time before that lesson will be forgotten. Every department was found to be disorganized—every portion of the administrative mechanism to be helplessly inefficient. The most lavish expenditure, the most devoted personal labour, were unequal to repair in a few months the ravages which had been the work of years. The sufferings of that celebrated winter were the first price paid for the economies with which Sir CHARLES Wood had smoothed his own faltering progress through the arduous and unknown regions of finance. They were not the only price. We lost a prestige which should have its value even in the eyes of economists, for it represented money's worth. It spared us, to some extent, the necessity of armaments with which, since that time, we have not been able to dispense. Whatever the strength of our army ought to be, its organization should be sheltered from these capricious gusts of parsimony. It will be, in every sense, a gain—if it can be done—that any portion of the military expenditure should be permanently placed upon a footing less costly and equally efficient. But vague, planless parsimony, animated chiefly by a desire to make a good appearance on next year's Estimates, will speedily reduce the army services to the same condition of disorganization as that which brought the country to so much disgrace eight years ago.

#### ENGLISH CHARITY.

**M.** DE MONTALEMBERT on one occasion described, with his usual eloquence, the deep impression which had been made on him by discovering the princely magnitude of the great English charities. He found that not one, but a dozen great institutions, had clear yearly incomes as fixed and certain as if derived from lands or consols, and yet, except in a small degree, dependent on yearly subscriptions; and that the amount of these incomes was greater than that of the revenues of many crowned heads on the Continent. Nor was it only that great institutions flourished, but that countless minor societies, committees, boards, and other forms of voluntary associations, formed for every possible object of charity, benevolence, and philanthropy under the sun, were existing in activity, and in some sort of prosperity. It is at once the vastness and the variety of English charity that is astonishing. Charity is not here, as in most Continental countries, the outpouring of exceptional devotion, or the manifestation of societies specially consecrated to religious purposes. It is part of English life—part of the way in which all people with a certain station in society, and a certain amount of education, get through the money they receive or earn. To give, and to think about giving, and to talk about it, are among the ordinary occupations of English families. To visit the poor, and to distribute sixpences and soup and medicine, and to throw in tracts, or urge church-going, according to the tastes of the curate, are as much part of a young lady's daily occupation in England as dancing or dressing is. There are very few even of the more idiotic sort of young men who would quite like to marry a girl if she owned that she never visited the poor. There are still fewer even among this style of young men who do not try to be charitable every now and then, after their fashion, by giving absurdly large tips to useless hangers-on. Of course every one is not really charitable, and those who know most about charities are aware that it is pretty nearly the same set who can really be relied on for charities of different kinds. There are plenty of millionaires who do not give away a thousandth part of their income, and a great many men who only give what they give because they dare not refuse. But still, if we look at the whole of the nation—or, rather, at the whole of that portion of it which is not poor—we cannot doubt that it is a national habit to give, and that the ordinary Englishman is by no means sorry when a good occasion arises for unbuttoning his pockets.

When we look at Lancashire, we may well be proud to think what a charitable nation can do. Considering the wealth of England, the sum given is not so very large in itself, but it amounts to a round figure; and the manner in which it has been given is even more noticeable than the sum itself. Every little parish has had its collection, made its effort, lived for a day at least in the chronicle of the *Times*, and then sunk into obscurity. From all the ends of the earth, from every quarter where English faces are to be seen and the English accent is to be heard, money has come in. It has come in this way because it is every one's habit to give, or at least to be more or less ready to give. Only very good people, or very kind-hearted people, like to be giving constantly and secretly; but to give when every one else gives, to follow a general fashion, to do a handsome thing in a popular way, is pleasant to most Englishmen. It is gratifying to most of us to give when we can do so without much inconvenience. It is one of the signs to us of our religion; and it must always be remembered

that English Protestantism wants signs. It has scarcely any other way, in quiet times, of letting itself know of its own existence, except the weekly church on Sundays and the response to the calls of charity. If a man lives in a religious set, he has plenty of religious or controversial talk to remind him of his creed; but a man who is not in the religious world—who earns his bread comfortably, but by constant work, and who repose in the bosom of his family—has hardly any outward marks of his religion to notify to himself how things are going on with him, except these two of church-going and charity. They are not very high signs of spiritual life; but then they are definite, and they are accessible, with the greatest ease, to everyone. It is precisely because they do not soar very high, but yet have an indisputable reality, and because they set the door of possible religion so very wide, that they commend themselves to Englishmen.

But everything on earth has its drawbacks; and this English habit of general charity, done as a matter of business, has its drawbacks too. Its advantages so incomparably outweigh its drawbacks that we may well forget the drawbacks if we please, and join in the unreserved praise and admiration of the eloquent Frenchman. Still, as amongst each other, Englishmen may find it worth while to notice what these drawbacks are. In the first place, charity, done as a matter of business by a great number of independent persons, can hardly fail to have two characteristics—it is almost sure to be rather sublunary and prosaic sometimes, and it is also almost sure to be a little capricious and unreasonable. There is some vulgar ostentation in English charity, which occasionally takes a ludicrous and coarse form, such as that of people who contribute to the Lancashire fund under such signatures as that of "A Cup of Cold Water, one shilling," and which more generally takes the shape of insisting on seeing the donor's name in print. This is, however, partly due to the generally business character of English charity; and charitable persons desire to see their names in print, not only that they may get glory, and find food for gossip about their friends, but also that they may be sure the accounts are right, and that the clerical secretaries do not do something parsonic with the money. The mixture of business and good feeling which marks English charity also leads to the most curious artifices being employed to tap the pockets of the possibly charitable. Two of these artifices from their singularity deserve especial notice. One is the artifice of requesting people to be stewards at a dinner. And the other is that of rewarding the subscriber with a right of voting for the objects to whose relief the funds are to be applied. It would seem that of all earthly bores these two must be about the greatest—to have to go to a bad public dinner in honour of a hospital and sit near the chairman, or to be plagued by fussy ladies for votes for some idiot, or governess, or orphan, who is standing for an asylum. It may be a Christian duty to give to the hospital, and to support the asylum; but that it should be found that decent sensible Christians, who would otherwise neglect the hospital and asylum, can be decoyed into doing their duty by the attraction of these gigantic bores, is truly wonderful. It is, however, quite in character with the business element of English charity. People like to hope that, as far as the other world goes, their alms may be accepted; but they also like to be sure of something in this world, and a dinner and a vote are something.

Then, again, English charity and English philanthropy take sometimes very odd turns, and busybodies set before themselves the queerest objects. In fact, if a man wants to make a really good fuss, the queerer the object the better, because then he has it all to himself. But it must be acknowledged that English society insists, with very tolerable success, in all these eccentricities of benevolence being kept for the most part in the background. The sets which patronize them would often like to impose subscription to them as a universal duty; but the common sense of Englishmen revolts. If a man likes to get up a society for converting the wilder tribes of Arabia, or for paying Christianized Jews the market price of a change of religion, or for leaving copies of the Bible on the shores of Patagonia, and then sailing off into space, he is quite at liberty to do so, and he is quite certain of some support. There are always some people in England who will give to anything which has the slightest sound of charity in it. But he cannot quite force us to subscribe to his society, although many persons can testify how very nearly this power has been reached in some circles of provincial towns. The oddities of English charity do not therefore trouble us much. But there is often much that is disagreeable in the demands of recognised charities. As giving is, with us, a thing not of devotion, to be asked for by priests, as it mainly is abroad, but a thing of business, to be asked for by any one who assumes or accepts the office of collector, the collection of charity very often becomes a matter of personal or local triumph. One parish wants to beat another parish, and it is put as a parochial duty to assist in making a good score. Then the collectors do not like to be refused. They resent small donations as a kind of insult to themselves, and they accept a handsome subscription as a personal compliment. It is the custom at many churches, after a charity sermon has been preached, to make two miserable men stand at the door, without their hats, in a draught, holding pewter plates, and these men always feel called on to smirk for silver and to bow for gold, and to look either stern or condescending for coppers. It is they to whom the congregation is giving the gift, and it will be very hard on them if they should have held the plate and the subscriptions should not have been good. We are so accustomed to this that we have lost all sense of the drollery of it. That the

alms of the Christian public should have come to be treated as a compliment or affront to a wealthy neighbour according as they are large or small, is surely about as good a thing as is to be found in the England of the nineteenth century.

## IRONY.

BISHOP THIRLWALL, in a paper *On the Irony of Sophocles*, has given what is in effect a monogram on irony generally. As that exceedingly interesting paper was written thirty years ago, and lies buried in the not very accessible pages of the *Philological Museum*, the reader will not be surprised if we admit that, writing after such a master, we may have either directly borrowed from Dr. Thirlwall, or that some of our remarks may have been suggested by what he has written.

What may be called *verbal irony* has existed, in some form or other, probably as long as language itself. Regarded essentially, and apart from accidental uses, it is a polemical instrument and a concomitant of passion. A discussion, however able and reasonably supported on either side, will generally have reached that point at which the passions of the disputants become engrossed, before recourse is had to irony. Its power lies in a contrast between the speaker's thought and his expression; or, "to speak more accurately, between the thought which he evidently designs to express and that which his words properly signify." Deep emotion may be sometimes conveyed and aroused in this way with extraordinary force. The irony so admirably sustained in Antony's speech over the corpse of Caesar derives more than half its intensity from the impassioned soliloquy which ends the preceding scene, and which reveals the world of passion that Antony is really suppressing while he reiterates that "Brutus is an honourable man." No sooner is emotion found to be so strong that it can command itself and dispense with its natural tone, than it occupies at once a more imposing platform, and is able to vent itself with greater force. Hence the point of the numberless passages which might be cited from the great speeches of Cicero. When he calls Antonius his "eloquent opponent," or speaks of Verres as a "public servant of uprightness and despatch," or assures Clodius that "he has been got off by nothing but his high character and known antecedents," it is not only that we are aware of the discrepancy between the word and the thought, but that we know what flood of feeling is kept back that the word may stand.

The term "playful irony" is common enough; but it is not so common to analyse the causes which bring it about that irony should ever assume a playful disguise at all. Irony is truly said by Dr. Thirlwall to be a weapon properly belonging to the armoury of controversy, and not fitted to any entirely peaceable occasion. The employment of it as a sign of perfect harmony and goodwill is ingeniously resembled by him to an exhibition of sham fights, with all the enginery of war brought out for public amusement in time of peace. For the ironical speaker, being at once a simulator and a dissembler, can assume the appearance of hostility as readily as he can dissemble the reality. It is with a double use of irony that we sometimes hear infants sportively accused, and names bestowed on them which could only be suitable on the assumption, first, of their responsibility, and next, of the presence of severe and unkindly judges. Between equals in age or in understanding, an ironical reproof, sometimes expressing so much esteem and unanimity, rests on the same assumed existence of adversaries whose language we pretend to adopt. A laborious country curate comes home at two in the morning from christening a sick child or attending the bedside of a dying man, and his cheery wife (if he has one), instead of mauldering about his piety and benevolence, which she has been all the while revering in secret, taunts him with keeping unseasonable hours. Or a tutor, puzzled for the moment in setting work to a pupil of genius and hard industry, will tell him that it is no joke keeping up to the mark such an idle dog as he is. And just as we may express our sense of other people's excellency by an ironical reproof, so, on the other hand, by an ironical self-commendation we may lay bare our own failings. But, in this case, instead of adopting the language of imaginary adversaries, we feign to be defending ourselves against unfavourable critics. And lastly (though this is far from being in all cases a sportive use of irony) we may hint at our own good points by means of an ironical self-depreciation — only, however, in the presence of known friends, or of those whom we have good reason to suppose to be decidedly on our side. It is not until the populace have been worked up to a tolerably safe pitch of excitement, that Antony trusts himself to say: —

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

Dr. Thirlwall has done little more than hint at the irony of Socrates, so famous and so much discussed both in ancient and modern times. It must have been a singularly pervading element of his discourse which was spoken of even by his contemporaries as his "customary irony," and the records which could, in the eye of a modern comedian, make "Socratic" and "ironick" convertible terms: —

Most Socratic Lady!  
Or, if you will, ironick!  
Ben Jonson. (*New Inn.*)

More than one ancient critic, mistaking the aim and design of Socrates, suspected him of having merely amused himself with

ingenious paradox, and described him as a buffoon whose delight it was to turn every one into ridicule. Even Bacon does not seem to have been quite clear in his application to Socrates of the term "ironical." "Socrates," he says in the *Apophthegms*, "was pronounced by the oracle of Delphos to be the wisest man in Greece, which he would put from himself, ironically saying, 'There could be nothing in him to verify the oracle except this—that he was not wise, and knew it; and others were not wise and knew it not.'" But this was, as far as we know, his real estimate of himself, as well as of his countrymen. And it is quite in harmony with the practice in which his dialectical irony really consisted — namely, in the assumption of the character of an ignorant learner, asking information from a better informed person. To place the adversary's opinion in the foreground, saluting it with every demonstration of respect, while really busied in withdrawing one by one all the supports on which it rests, never ceasing to approach it with an air of deference until it has been completely undermined and left to sink by the weight of its own absurdity — all this was in no way inconsistent with the very humblest estimate of himself. The attitude thus assumed by Socrates was, as Mr. Grote has observed, essential as an excuse for his practice as a questioner. It contributed to add zest and novelty to his conversation, and totally banished from it both didactic pedantry and seeming bias as an advocate, which to one who talked so much was of no small advantage. Besides, it will not have escaped notice that irony and humour are closely allied. The confines of one constantly overlap those of the other, and Socrates had probably as keen a sense of humour as any man that ever lived.

To turn away now from the irony of conversation and of books, there is a form which may be called, by comparison, *practical irony*, and which has for its field the lives and actions of men rather than their words. There is, first, the practical irony of wanton or malicious purpose; by which, for the sake of extracting ridicule, if not for worse ends, one man humours the folly of another. This kind of deception shows its darkest side when flattery, under the mask of friendship, cherishes passions and panders to wishes which are hurrying their unconscious slave to ruin. Such is the irony with which Timon gives his gold to Alcibiades; with which the weird women feed the ambitious hopes of Macbeth; and with which Mephistopheles accompanies his victim on his fatal career. It is worth remarking, in passing, that the interview between Mephistopheles (as Faust) and the young scholar contains some of the most brilliant passages of verbal irony to be met with in literature. What could be more delicately veiled than the satire upon words as opposed to things? —

*Mephist.* . . . . Generally speaking, stick to words; you will then pass through the safe gate into the temple of certainty.

*Student.* But there must be some meaning connected with the word.

*Mephist.* Right! only we must not be too anxious about that; for it is precisely where meaning fails that a word comes in most opportunely.

But there is another kind of practical irony which is not only entirely freed from these dark shades, but which harmonizes with the highest degree of wisdom and benevolence. A man of superior capacity and information, who is at the same time thrown into frequent intercourse with those who are less able or less well informed than himself, will hardly pass a day without being conscious of employing this sort of irony. He finds himself often compelled to assent to propositions which, though perfectly true in themselves, will lead, as he is well aware, to erroneous inferences in the mind of the speaker. The reason is, either that circumstances make it impossible for him at the time to subjoin the proper limitations, or that the person he is addressing is incapable of understanding them. No one who is ever so little habituated to reflection on the politics and the theological disputes of our own time and country, will fail to supply himself with abundant instances of this species of irony. Side by side with it we may place that reticence with which a friend may accede to the wishes of one who is dear to him, though he foresees that they will probably end in disappointment and vexation — an ironical reticence which may originate partly in an unwillingness to decide for another, and partly in the expectation that disappointment may prove more salutary than privation. Of this kind was the irony of the affectionate father in the parable; and it was with this that the degraded and terrified Balaam, weakly offering to turn back again, was sternly bidden to "go with the men."

Last in the catalogue, and occupying a sublime position by itself, comes what, for want of a better name, we must call the "irony of fate." History teems with examples, and there are few of us who cannot supplement the examples of history with others taken from our own lives. Objects long and impatiently pursued have been attained with indifference or disgust; changes anticipated with anxiety or dread have brought with them the fulfilment of the most ardent wishes; events from which the utmost good or evil has been expected have passed without leaving a trace; and persons or things which have hardly been heeded at all turn out to be the arbiters or the turning-points of our fortunes. When, after an interval, we look back, we are in a position to see the full extent of this mockery of fate. What we then see in retrospect, we may conceive of a superior intelligence, exempt from our passions, seeing always. And dramatic irony — the irony of Sophocles, in particular — consists in the contrasts open to the spectator when placed in the position of such a superior being with reference to the little world created by the poet. In the midst of the public confusion and misery with which *Oedipus Rex* opens, the royal house alone is calm and secure. The King, beloved and revered, is the object towards

which all eyes are turned for succour. Yet this very man not only is—but by unconscious steps proves himself to be—the very fount and source of the public calamity, and is left at the end of the play a hopeless, self-blinded outcast. Reversing the picture, we see, apparently, in the first scenes of *Oedipus Coloneus*, the same fallen and pitiable being. Yet this seemingly destitute wanderer is now the object of the special protection of heaven; he is not only a pious, but a sacred and prophetic man; and two powerful States are to contend with one another for the possession of his person, and the right of paying honours to his tomb. Such are two of the chief instances in which Dr. Thirlwall has worked out the exhibition of this sublime irony in the plays of Sophocles. The reader will not need to be reminded of the tremendous parallel in the opening scenes of *King Lear*. Nor, when once indicated, need the subject be pursued further here. We will only add, that the pregnant observations of Dr. Thirlwall seem to us to be well worthy the attention, not only of the reader of Sophocles, but of literary students generally.

## DEANERIES.

**L**ORD PALMERSTON is singularly lucky—or, as some of his predecessors would have thought him, singularly unlucky—in being called on to supply the Church with countless dignitaries, great and small, at the same moment. It is wonderful how many people gain a step by the death of one great personage. An archbishopric becomes vacant, and, by a dozenth link in the chain of events, a curate becomes a vicar. Canterbury vacates York, York vacates Gloucester, Gloucester vacates Exeter Deanery, Exeter Deanery vacates Wells Canony, and even this may probably involve promotion to two or three smaller people in their several degrees, moving in too humble an orbit for Prime Ministers to know anything about them. The process indeed is a long one. At the moment when we write, Dr. Thomson is not yet Archbishop of York, nor even Archbishop-elect, though he may possibly become the latter before we make our next weekly appearance. Therefore, *a fortiori*, no formal appointment can yet take place to any of the smaller offices which the death of Dr. Sumner will gradually vacate. Exeter, then, has still a Dean in possession, though it has also what we suppose we must yield to the stream and call a Dean-designate. While so many greater appointments were in suspense, the vacancy of the Deanery of Gloucester seemed to be quite forgotten. No appointment was made for a long time, and nobody seemed to know or to ask to whom the preferment would come. However, Gloucester was suddenly provided with a Dean, and as no *songe d'élire* was needed, and as no promotion elsewhere had to be waited for, the period of Designatehood in this case was very short indeed.

The appointments to these two Deaneries are not very remarkable in themselves, but they suggest one or two reflections as to the nature of such appointments in general. Lord Palmerston has given the two vacant posts to two elderly clergymen, both of them Canons of the same Cathedral, both of them retired rectors in the same diocese, both in different degrees connected with nobility, and both of that school of theology which, it would seem, is for the future to be content with deaneries instead of bishoprics. Neither of them, however, represents that school in an extreme or offensive form. One, indeed, is not only eminently the reverse, but adds also an amount of academical distinction which will effectually distinguish him from his brother at Carlisle. As things go, there is nothing at all monstrous in either appointment. The reputation of both the new Deans is local rather than general, but the same may be said of many other holders of the same office. If Lord Shaftesbury is permanently to descend from the post of bishop-maker to that of dean-maker, our Cathedrals may think themselves lucky if they never get worse served.

It is, then, with no sort of feeling of disrespect to either of the new Deans, that we ask whether their appointments do not imply a concealed belief that there might just as well be no Deans at all. Such a belief is, in truth, implied in nearly all Decanal appointments, good and bad. The theory is, that a Dean has nothing to do, that the office requires no sort of qualification, and that one man will make as good a Dean as another. The office, combining a fair income, a certain amount of dignity, and little or no work, will seem, to an unconscious Minister, exactly the place for a kinsman or partisan whom it would be hardly decent to thrust into a bishopric. To a conscientious Minister it will seem exactly the place for a clergyman who has distinguished himself in some way or other, to whom it is a reward of past services, a sort of comfortable cushion for a man wishing to retire from more active duties. The one view is creditable, the other is discreditable; one makes the better Deans, the other the worse; but both alike go on the principle that the Decanal office is a perfect sinecure, that the office has no duties, and needs no qualifications. It is an undoubted fact that some of our Deaneries are at this moment as well filled as they possibly could be; but we cannot help thinking that, even in these cases, the choice is a matter of good luck rather than of deliberate purpose. The Ministers who made the appointments we have in our mind thought of promoting good men, but they hardly thought of making good Deans. In promoting good men, they luckily made good Deans also. But we may feel sure that the chief idea in their minds was much more that of rewarding past services than that of giving an opportunity for future services. Indeed, we feel quite sure that fault would be found with the appointment of a Dean on the ground, not of his having done anything, but of his being likely to do something. It would be thought

like giving a prize labourer his pair of breeches at the beginning of his career instead of at its ending. S.G.O. would be sure to find out somebody in his diocese both older and poorer, and, therefore, more deserving of the place.

Now we cannot help thinking, on the other hand, that the office of a Dean has some distinctive duties, requiring distinctive qualifications; indeed, if it is not so, we cannot see any reason for keeping up the order of Dean at all. We cannot help thinking that a man may be good, clever, learned, useful in some other line of duty, any or all of these things at once, and yet not be fitted to be a Dean. We do not take any transcendental view of a Dean's functions. The old theory of the Chapter being the Bishop's Council is beautiful as a theory, but it is hardly very practical just now. To restore the position of a Chapter as such a Council would require much more extensive changes than any that we are now thinking of. On the other hand, we certainly think that a Dean has something else to do than merely to give good dinners. We see no reason why he should not; but we see no special reason why he should. The old duty of keeping hospitality, enjoined by most of the old Cathedral Statutes, meant something quite different; and really, now that the Decanal incomes are cut down as they are, a Dean who has nothing but his Deanery must find the giving of many good dinners rather a hard matter. A life income of a thousand a year, and very often a palace to live in, must in truth be sometimes rather a condition of splendid misery. But, setting aside his rather visionary functions as the Bishop's chief councillor, and setting aside his supposed secular duties as a principal dinner-giver in his city, a Dean seems to us to have very practical duties, requiring very practical qualifications, in his office as chief guardian of the Cathedral Church. The Dean has to take his place at the head of an ancient corporation, charged with the maintenance of the fabric and services of one of those glorious buildings which are becoming more and more generally appreciated every day. Here are real and practical, though not onerous or overwhelming, duties. Whether the fabric of the Minster is preserved as it ought to be, whether the services are performed as they ought to be, depends more upon the Dean than upon anybody else. A good Dean cannot always at once make them what they ought to be; but under a bad Dean they are sure to be what they ought not to be. It follows at once that a Dean should be a man who understands and loves the old Cathedral system, to whom the Minster, its fabric, its services, and all that belongs to it, are a pleasure and not a burden. Now this is, to a great extent, a matter of taste and temperament. Many most excellent and useful men care very little for these things. The obvious inference is, that they should be put in some place where they can be useful in their own way, and not be made Deans, where they are out of place. A Dean should, if possible, be personally an ecclesiastical antiquary and an ecclesiastical musician. At the very least, he should be one who appreciates and loves ecclesiastical music and ecclesiastical antiquities, who, if he cannot do everything himself, at least knows what is to be done, and who are the proper people to set to do it. He should be a man whose tastes will lead him to master every detail of the constitution and history of the society at whose head he is placed, who will love every stone of the fabric of which he is the chief guardian, who will make it his pride to be the conservator both of it and of its subordinate buildings, whose whole heart and soul will go along with that more splendid form of worship in which he is called upon to be the chief minister. Such a man will find plenty to do as a Dean; but if a man is appointed who cares for none of these things, to whom the Minster and its services are simply a puzzle or a burden, he will be of no use, and, being of no use, he will certainly be the opposite. The Minster and its services will be either neglected or subjected to ignorant, though well-meaning, alterations; and its head, finding nothing to do in his own office, will join with it some other, in which he may be more at home and more useful, but whose acceptance is at once a confession of his uselessness as a Dean.

We would not be understood as wishing to turn our thirty Deaneries, or thereabouts, into mere exhibitions for ecclesiastical antiquaries. All we say is, that a man cannot be useful as a Dean without a strong taste for, or at least a full appreciation of, those particular objects which it is his special business to look after. A Dean ought to be this, and he ought to be several things besides. He ought to be an effective preacher—a popular preacher in the best sense—one disposed in every way to popularize the Minster and its worship, to treat it really as the Mother-Church of the Diocese, and not as the private chapel of four or five clergymen. He should be a man able to fill a prominent position without giving himself any of the airs of a dignitary; he should be able to take a lead in every good work in the City and Diocese; he should be able to avoid either setting himself up as a rival to his Bishop, or making himself a Don to his Minor Canons. In short, a Dean is as little to be taken at haphazard as anybody else. He has something to do, if we only hit upon the right man to do it. The only difference is, that his duties being somewhat indefinite, they are more easily neglected. A Bishop or a Rector may do his work well or ill, but he can hardly help doing something. A Dean, if he despises or does not understand his craft, may sink into utter nullity.

One great difficulty in the providing of good Deans is that the specially Decanal virtues may often be found in the highest degree in a man who has had no opportunities of making himself prominent, and who is not likely to attract the notice of a Prime Minister. A younger man, who will give his life to the service of the Cathedral, will often be more

useful than an older one who goes to his Deanery simply as a refuge from harder work. It may be so, or it may not; some of our very best Deans are men who have thus retired from harder work; but the other class may surely have a chance now and then. It unfortunately happens that the sort of virtues which we speak of are more likely to be known to a man's Bishop or to his neighbours than they are to the First Lord of the Treasury. But the nomination by the Crown was originally peculiar to the Cathedrals of the New Foundation. In the Old Foundations the Chapter used to elect, and the appointment has been only gradually transferred to the Crown. Election by the inner Chapter—by the small body of Residentiaries—is, whether applied to a Deanery, or to any other office, the very worst mode of appointment that can be thought of. It would be better to toss up, or to give the advowson of the place to the first man you meet in the street. But election by the real Chapter—by the whole body of Canons—that is, by the pick of the clergy of the diocese, was what was originally intended; and it would probably be the best mode of appointment of any. In the Welsh Cathedrals, the Deans always have been, and still are, appointed by the Bishops. There is also a good deal to be said for this. The goodness or badness of the Dean will thus depend very much on the goodness or badness of the Bishop. A bad Bishop may do as badly as a bad Premier, but a good Bishop will probably do better than a good Premier. The Cathedral of Llandaff, for instance, has been happy in three successive Deans who have given their whole energies to the noble work of raising their ruined Minster from the ground. And where this mode of appointment exists, it is evident that the Dean is more likely to pull well together both with the Bishop and with the rest of the diocese than when he comes among them as an utter stranger to both. Certain it is that Llandaff is about the only English diocese where we see the Bishop standing forth, as in old times, as the chief doer—we may add, as the chronicler—of the rebuilding of his own Cathedral.

We repeat that, as things go, we have no special quarrel with the new appointments. If Lord Shaftesbury is to be Dean-maker, we may be very thankful to him for making so good a choice as Mr. Brodrick. Still, we confess that our ideal Deans are to be looked for elsewhere, and that not in Utopia, but in actual stone and mortar English Minsters. The whole system of Dean-making needs reform; but it is something when, even by a happy accident, the chief stall of any minster is so well filled as it is in those of Peterborough and Chichester.

#### THE MIGRATION OF SLAVERY.

THE direction of human emigration has been a fertile theme of historical comment and philosophical speculation. The history of Europe and Asia affords abundant material for both. The present phenomena of the New World appear to reproduce the experience of the Old. In both cases, the main tide runs from east to west, and to this the attention of observers is solely or chiefly directed. In both there is found another current which has been less noticed, setting towards the South; and in America this phenomenon deserves more accurate investigation than it has hitherto received. The tendency of emigration towards the West is unmistakeable, and easily explained, but the existence of a similar tendency towards the South has been overlooked or misunderstood. And yet the rapid spread of the white race towards the Lower Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico has been almost as important to the world, and has exercised as great an influence over the destinies of the United States, as the vast influx of population into the North-Western territory; while the southward migration of slavery and the servile race is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of America, and has done as much to mould that history as any other cause whose operation can be traced in the events of the last century. A hundred years ago slavery was universal, or all but universal, in the Colonies. It has gradually disappeared from every State north of Mason's and Dixon's line, and with it the negro race has also almost vanished. When we come to trace the history of that disappearance, we find it attributable to none of those doctrines which have gained ground during the last fifty years—to no spread of Abolitionist convictions among the mass of the people, inducing them to liberate the fellowmen whom they felt it wrong to retain in bondage—to no such awakening of the national conscience as induced England, at an enormous sacrifice, to clear herself from a great national sin—but simply and solely to the operation of economical laws. Two causes contributed to the abolition of slavery in the North—the fact that slavery did not pay there, and the fact that it was found to pay admirably in the South. The first alone would not have sufficed. The desire to retain a useful and amenable class of domestic servants—a thing which, in a land where democracy is rampant and equality is not only theoretically taught but practically asserted, is hardly to be accomplished—would have led to the continuance of domestic slavery, but for the temptation afforded by the rising value of slaves in the South, due partly to the spread of cultivation, and partly to the immense stimulus supplied by the rapid growth of the cotton manufacture. It was very easy, therefore, to get rid of slavery and of the slaves together; and this was what was actually done. There was little or no emancipation—there was a foreseen, cautious, and gradual abolition, during which process the saleable negroes were sent or carried South.

The same process would naturally have taken place in Virginia,

Maryland, and Kentucky, and, perhaps, in Missouri, but for two points in which those States differ from their Northern neighbours. In the first place, there are considerable districts in which slave labour still pays, and probably will always continue to pay, well, though not so well as in the Gulf States; and Southern landowners are almost as unwilling as Englishmen to quit their ancestral estates, merely because they might employ their means to greater advantage in a distant and less civilized region. Secondly, there are in Maryland and Virginia very many old and honoured families, of considerable wealth, aristocratic temper, and great influence, who have no will to part on any terms with their hereditary household slaves, or subject themselves to the miseries which the insolence and worthlessness of Irish or American hired servants inflict on Northern families. It may be added that Northern Abolitionism has awakened in the Border States an intense antagonistic feeling, which is, perhaps, the strongest obstacle to the gradual eradication of slavery from those parts in which it has ceased to be profitable. John Brown did as much as one man could do to make abolition impossible in Virginia for half a century to come; and had the Union been maintained, no man now living could have hoped to see any steps taken towards the deliverance of the Old Dominion from the institution which had been so lawlessly assailed. Nevertheless, slavery in the Border States is almost stationary. In Maryland and Virginia there is no room for its further expansion. All the soils which are suited to the production of slave-labour are already occupied, and do not promise to repay the employment of any large additional number of hands. Consequently, the increase of the slave population of these States drains off to the South, exactly as the greater part of the increase of the North-eastern population passes away to the West. Hence arises an error, which the more astute of the Northern Abolitionists have diligently propagated, and which has been adopted by English writers who might have been expected to look a little more closely into the facts of the case. A distinction has been drawn between the Northern and Southern Slave States—the former, and especially Virginia, being characterized as "slave-breeding," while the latter, and especially South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas are stigmatized as "slave-consuming" States.

In the sense in which these words are always used, they are utterly untrue. The only evidence ever alleged to prove their truth is the fact that the slave population of Virginia increases very slowly; and this proves, beyond doubt, that in one way or another the natural increase of that population—about ten thousand per annum—passes into the more Southern States. But this is not what those who use the phrase above quoted mean. They mean that Virginia raises slaves for export as South Carolina raises rice or Georgia cotton; they go so far as to assert that the chief occupation of the Virginian slave-owners is to breed slaves for sale. And in saying this they show not merely an ignorance of facts, but a strange carelessness of figures. For, if this were the case, taking the exported slaves at their highest possible value, they would only return two pounds per annum on each of the slaves kept at home, or two per cent. on their average value—far less than the cost of their maintenance. Slave-breeding, where slave labour is not profitably employed, could not possibly pay. But there are two other ways in which this exportation of slaves takes place, which we must not forget, because they account for by far the greater part of it. First, masters emigrate with their slaves. A man finds that he can no longer make his way in Virginia; reluctantly he sells his plantation, and betakes himself southward with his slaves. A younger son knows that there is no room for him at home; he takes his share of the slaves, and moves South. Again, slaves are sold *en masse* by men who fail in planting or grow weary of it; and of those so sold the majority, perhaps, are sent South. This is bad enough, but it is not breeding slaves for sale. We had occasion to remark some time since that the traffic in slaves is in exceedingly bad odour in the South. A slave-trader is held in no better esteem than a usurer in England, or a butcher in India, and a man who habitually sold his slaves would be scouted by all his respectable neighbours. A Southern gentleman will sell a discontented slave at his own request; he will sell a refractory slave in order to get rid of him, or a girl that she may be married to her lover, who belongs to a different owner; but he will no more deal in slaves than an English gentleman will turn discounter of accommodation-bills or advertising money-lender. It is true, however, that there are slave-breeders in Virginia—it is true that this is a fact with which Virginians are often taunted in the South, and the taunt is one to which they are keenly sensitive. Their only reply is, first, that no respectable man has anything to do with such a business, which is perfectly true, but not satisfactory; and secondly, that the evil is not native to the soil—which may or may not be the fact. It is certainly said, and is by no means unlikely, that most of the abuses which render slavery so odious in England are not chargeable on Southern men—that Mrs. Stowe's St. Clair is the more common type of a Virginian or South Carolinian planter, while the Legrees are almost invariably of Northern or foreign birth. However this may be, while it is true that the practice of breeding slaves for sale—or, at least, of regularly selling off the increase among them—does exist in Virginia, and, perhaps, in North Carolina, it is not true that it is a recognised or legitimate business, or that it is in any sense characteristic of slavery as it exists and is upheld in those States.

The charge of consuming or using up slaves, brought against

the Gulf States, is still more absurdly unjust. It is disproved at once by the single fact that while the increase both of the white and of the black population throughout the whole South is exceedingly rapid, that of the slaves, though unassisted by immigration, is considerably the more rapid of the two, exceeding 25 per cent in ten years. Now such an increase as this is as large as can well be supposed to take place in any State; and as this is the average of the whole country, it is quite clear that in no State can the natural increase be much less than this—in other words, that there is no such thing in the South as a "slave-consuming State," in the sense in which Cuba is a slave-consumer. And this, as we may incidentally observe, is the answer to an objection raised to the statement, otherwise incontrovertible, that it is not the interest of the planter—the greater part of whose wealth consists of slaves—that slaves should be cheapened by the reopening of the African trade. The objection was that it must be the interest of the planter, as a consumer of slaves, that slave-labour should be cheap; and this might have some force if slaves were as cotton is to the manufacturer—material to be speedily used up and done with; though if a manufacturer held a stock of cotton worth more than all the rest of his property, we doubt whether he would be willing to see the price of cotton suddenly reduced one half. But slaves are to the planter, not material, but machinery—machinery which he expects to work well for forty or fifty years from the time (14 years old) at which it is first set to work. Now, if a manufacturer owns 100,000/- worth of machinery, and all his other wealth is not worth above 25,000/-, he will certainly not desire a change which would make his machinery worth only 50,000/-, even if he could be sure that the value of his other property would be increased thereby. Nor can the planter desire to see his slave property depreciated fifty per cent. by the revival of the slave-trade, because, though he might be able to produce cotton more cheaply, yet as the amount of available cotton land is almost unlimited, the consumer would get the whole benefit of that cheapness, and the planter would only realize the same rate of profit as before, on a capital diminished by one half. The fact, therefore, which cannot be controverted, that no party among the Southern slaveholders is disposed to tolerate the revival of the African slave-trade, is in strict accordance with what might have been predicted by any one who took the trouble to consider how the interests of that class would be affected by such a measure. It deserves notice, moreover, that the Constitution which prohibited the slave-trade for ever was adopted by a convention in which the planting or so-called "slave-consuming" States were alone represented.

From what we have said of the tendency of slavery to migrate southward, it will be evident that in no case can there be any fear of its extension in the Border Slave States; that, on the contrary, predial slavery is likely to die out there before the advance of free labour; and that, though domestic slavery may be much longer maintained by passion, habit, and prejudice, its ultimate extinction therein can hardly be doubtful. With regard to the Planting States, we do not venture on any prediction—first, because we cannot feel certain that slave-labour will ever become unprofitable in those States; and, secondly, because they cannot, as the North has done, and as the Border States will do, get rid of their slaves by abolishing slavery; and the difficulty of maintaining a state of society in which a free black population shall exist side by side with a white population of equal or superior numbers, appears as yet insuperable. We can only feel sure that slavery is not destined for ever to disgrace the civilization and the Christianity of a country peopled by a race of English descent, English speech, and English habits of self-government.

#### RACING AND BETTING.

IT is very satisfactory to hear that the "bubble bets," which for some time past have reflected an equivocal lustre upon the names of several gallant officers, have been made the subject of military inquiry. The mass of the civilian public will be of opinion that the investigation has not come at all too soon, and that it cannot be too rigorous. It is clear, from many recent cases, that, among the showier and idler portion of our military heroes, the standard of honour has become a little rusty, and would be none the worse for cleaning. We only trust that the investigation has been full and searching, and that there will be no shrinking from publicity. It is possible that we may have some startling revelations, as instructive as those which shed immortal honour over the 4th Dragoon Guards last spring. But if the military authorities really desire to recover for their profession the esteem that many recent scandals have rudely shaken, they must, of all things, beware of the damning suspicion that there is something worse than meets the eye, which they are sedulously suppressing. Their only chance of dispelling the idea that these scandals are the result, not of individual depravity, but of a generally lowered tone, is a hearty resolution to expose them unsparingly.

In the meantime, it seems rather hard that the discredit of all betting transactions should invariably accrue to the special disadvantage of the Turf. There is no doubt that they are surrounding it with associations, and importing into it a tone, which the very universality of its popularity renders most powerful for evil. Nothing shows so strikingly the nature of the feeling that is gaining ground as the difference in character between the older and the younger generation of racing celebrities. There are many men closely connected with the Turf who are famous in other

spheres, and whose racing tastes have not hindered either their activity or their success. The two political leaders of our rival parties are instances that immediately suggest themselves. But such men belong mainly to the older generation. Too many of the younger notabilities of the Turf are better known to rumour than to fame. Their laurels have been won in fields into which the historian declines to follow them. A certain number of creditable exceptions may be quoted, but they are exceptions of the kind that prove the rule. There is no question that the Turf is gradually becoming the monopoly of the *mauvais sujets* of the community, and that in common repute it is held to have sunk even lower than it really has. It is not very easy to understand why it should be so. There is no natural congeniality between the sport itself and the vices that gather round it. In essence, the amusement of ascertaining by experiment which of two quadrupeds can move its legs the fastest seems as rational a pastime as any other. Racing is, in fact, only an agricultural show on a rather costly scale. That the breeders of animals should be encouraged to pit the merits of their respective productions against each other is a recognised principle of rural economics. Just as the pig-breeder exhibits the fat-acquiring powers of his pig, so the horse-breeder naturally wishes to exhibit the running powers of his horse; and each equally desires to prove that in those excellences his beast distances all other beasts. But how different are the moral accompaniments of the two operations! The owner of the pig prepares his animal for the contest in all the quietude of bucolic simplicity. No expensive staff of stud-grooms is required to guard his animal against his rival's arts. The neighbouring hills do not bristle with telescopes, spying out the rate at which his pig grows in fatness. He is not obliged to keep a guard, day and night, in the pigsty to prevent the animal from being poisoned or put off his feed, or, in some way or other, illegitimately checked in his progress towards perfect obesity. He is allowed to continue his interesting labours without, on the one side, being harassed by the tender interest of all the betting-houses, high and low, in London, or, on the other hand, being warned by preachers and moralists that his pig is helping to demoralize and ruin thousands. His happy exemption from all the evils to which the breeder and trainer of horses is subject arises wholly from the fortunate fact that the scampish portion of society have not yet taken to betting about pigs; and that, consequently, neither he nor his farm-boys are brought into those direct relations with scampdom which too often give such a marked and peculiar character of rascality to the atmosphere of a training-stable. That fast men should bet is natural and intelligible enough. It is of a piece with the general practice of sacrificing everything for present excitement, which is the plan of their whole lives. But it is not so easy to explain why betting and racing should be so closely identified that a "racing man" means a betting man, and that a bet about the spelling of a word in a dictionary is called a "Turf-scandal," and is supposed to be, as a matter of course, a fair subject for the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club. Why is it that all the dissipated men in every class take to the Turf as naturally as a duck takes to dirty water? There will always be a large number of men whose principal occupation in life is to consume alcohol and tobacco in the small hours of the night, and to conduct diplomatic relations with St. John's Wood. But why should these ornaments of society honour the Turf with their especial preference, to that extent that they are in a fair way to dislodge all the more respectable portions of society? The mysterious connexion which appears to exist between horses and dogs on one side, and the sins of the flesh on the other, is one of the most curious moral phenomena of our age. What is it that reserves these special quadrupeds for this peculiar honour? Nobody is ever made immoral by a taste for cows and cats. The donkey has flourished in civilized society for centuries without ever inflicting the slightest moral injury upon those who take an interest in his welfare. But the horse, the noblest of animals, seems to exhale an aroma of vice that clings to all around him. A racecourse is a centre of demoralization to a neighbourhood for miles round. The betting houses are averred, on good authority, to be the main source of the enormous dishonesty which characterizes the race of domestic servants in London. To be a horses-dealer is, in vulgar repute, almost synonymous with being a rogue. The taint of the trade is apt to catch even those who only engage in it for the occasion. Just as the test of a clergyman's morality is said to be his power of keeping his hands off a stray umbrella—just as you never know a woman's true character till her daughters come out—so the touchstone of a layman's honour is his behaviour in selling a horse to a dear friend. If he can resist the temptation of playing his friend a dirty trick, he may be trusted with untold gold. Yet there seems no particular reason in the nature of things why the traffickers in horses should not be just as respectable as land-agents or jewellers. In the same way, there is no obvious reason why a strong taste for horseflesh should be looked upon as an outward sign of dissipated habits. But yet, if a young gentleman of large expectations betrays a vehement inclination for the Turf, the world concludes that he will certainly injure his fortune, probably his prospects of usefulness and distinction, and possibly even his good name. And the world is generally right. Going to the horses is too apt to be a preliminary to going to the dogs.

This is a subject well worthy of the consideration of the powerful personages connected with the Turf. We press it on them in a spirit friendly to this great national sport. The occasions on which all classes can meet upon common ground

are not so numerous that we wish to see one of them destroyed; and the incidental benefits which flow from the national love of horses give a special value to the sport which has done so much to bring the breed to its present perfection. But, unless something can be done to abate this plague of betting, the days of racing are numbered. It has powerful friends now, and the taste for it is widely diffused; but these will not avail it if the moral sense of the country is strongly moved against it. In course of time, its present distinguished patrons will pass away, and there are no signs that their place will be filled by others of equal influence. In the meantime, the scandals connected with it multiply, and the aversion of the more thoughtful part of the community grows more decided every year. There are few neighbourhoods in which some case cannot be pointed out in which fortunes have been crippled or prospects utterly ruined by a mania for betting. The evils which the same taste, reflected downwards, produces among a lower class, are greater than those for which the hells in London were suppressed. Foreigners make themselves very merry at our righteous indignation against the gaming-houses of the Rhine, when we maintain a vast gaming-house, more fruitful in ruin, in connexion with every race-course in the kingdom. It is a sport peculiarly under the domination of fashion, and, therefore, the leaders of fashion upon the Turf might do much to amend the present state of things. For the protection of their own reputation, believed by them to be in danger, the Jockey Club have lately taken a step of unquestionable vigour. If they can check with so firm a hand the great offence of newspaper criticism, they could probably deal with the minor sin of gambling if they tried. It was under the distinguished leadership of Lord Winchelsea that they advanced with so much courage against a newspaper correspondent. Could they not, under the same experienced guidance, take into their consideration the widespread ruin and disgrace of which, year after year, the passion for betting is the cause?

#### THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN MARITIME LAW.

THOSE who read the arguments upon this question will notice a circumstance that is common in the discussion of most practical questions. Much trouble is taken in arguing that, if certain changes are made, others must follow. Such arguments are very fascinating, because they give scope for ingenious logic, and opportunity for close collisions with an adversary. But they lead none the less certainly to waste of time, not only because there are scarcely any two positions on the same subject-matter between which a necessary connexion could not be speciously shown to exist, but inasmuch as in practice each question is determined on its own merits, not in the way required by a regard to consistency. The present controversy affords a curious instance of this kind. It is well known that some of our contemporaries and several members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, advocate the immunity from capture of the private ships of belligerents, when once beyond their own territorial waters. But they demand this change, with an amusing complacency, as a boon which it would be quite absurd to refuse, now that the immunity of the goods of belligerents (when in neutral ships) has been made part of the public law of Europe; and they ask indignantly how politicians, having already conceded so much, can be so puzzleheaded as not to give them more. Mr. Spence, on the other hand, lets his denunciation of the same demand rest on the ground that if it is conceded, the abolition of blockade must be conceded likewise; and this, not because other nations would demand it as the price of the former concession, which is probable enough, but because it is "implied" in the former. Such arguments on either side are almost wholly worthless. The Congress of Paris made the change referred to, because it appeared expedient in the interest of neutrals and of the commerce of the world. If any further change is accomplished, it will be because it will in its turn have appeared expedient, from considerations of the same character, not because it has been supposed to be "implied" in any earlier change.

It is well to remember that, apart from the dread of the interference of neutrals, belligerents have always been guided, and will always be guided, in determining the kind and the degree of injury to be inflicted on the enemy by nothing but their own power and the view taken by themselves of their own interest. The generals on both sides in the Thirty Years' War, and the French generals in the wars of Louis XIV., habitually laid waste the farms and carried off all the moveable property of the inhabitants partly as a means of paying their own armies, and partly because they believed that in this way the enemy would be reduced to submission. Our keener sentiments of humanity would, it is true, make most Governments now hesitate to permit such atrocities; but, as Mr. Spence has pointed out with great good sense, the real ground of the general immunity now accorded to private property on the enemy's soil is that it could not be touched without surrounding the skirts of the invading army with enemies, and plunging it into far greater difficulties than it would otherwise have to encounter. It remains, however, none the less true, that a state of war implies the right of each belligerent to do his enemy as much harm of every kind as is necessary in order to reduce him to submission. And according to the hypothesis on which war is permitted, the belligerent

himself is the only judge of what is necessary. The theory of war supposes that each belligerent is convinced of wrong done to himself by the wickedness of his enemy. Now, if one individual has been wronged by another, he appeals to a court, and the court may take away the liberty of the wrong-doer, confiscate his property, or even put him to death. But in the absence of a court of justice for nations, relative strength is still allowed to be the only arbitrator between them, and it is therefore absurd to say that a nation may not, against the subjects of the hostile nation, and for the purpose of convincing the hostile nation of its wrong-doing, act in a manner the severity of which does not exceed the severity of the proceedings of ordinary courts of justice. These considerations are sufficiently obvious, but they seem to have wholly escaped the notice of those who ask for the immunity of the private ships of belligerents on the ground of their capture, and the fear of their capture, being ruinous to the shipowning subjects of the belligerent nation.

Many modes of injuring an enemy cause a degree of private suffering disproportionate to their effect on the nation of the sufferers, and the progress of humanity would no doubt in any case tend to abolish these. Others, as serving only to reduce the power of both combatants in the same proportion, would yield to the growth of knowledge and of good sense. And it is possible that some of the points of belligerent practice now under discussion might in time become obsolete in one or other of these ways. But what has fixed the attention of the world at the present time on these topics is simply the growth of the interdependence of nations. It was out of no care for belligerents that the present discussion was commenced. The Liverpool shipowners are naturally reluctant to accept the pre-eminence in suffering for their country which their unhappy lot assigns them. But, whatever may be the hardness of their case, it is on behalf of neutrals, not of belligerents, that the rest of the world is anxious. Not that this century is the first in history in which neutrals have suffered severely through the blows aimed at belligerents, any more than blockade is the first channel through which they have suffered. When the French laid waste the Palatinate, every neutral country that traded with the great cities on the Rhine must have been seriously injured by the calamity. But some nations are now dependent on foreign sources for a large part of the necessities of life; and in most wars the neutral Powers are now strong enough to impose, if they choose, some restraint on the belligerents. It is, therefore, worth while to inquire whether a belligerent right should continue to exist which makes neutrals suffer so largely in a cause that is not their own.

We shall, at present, rather attempt to clear the ground than give a determinate opinion on the subject of commercial blockade. In the first place, no war in which we were neutrals could seriously injure our commerce unless either Russia or America were one of the combatants. And, even in respect to such a war, the opponents of the proposed change may borrow an argument from its supporters. The latter—quite as often, and with quite as much truth as when they expound our dependence on foreign trade—expound in its turn the comparative independence of foreign trade on the opening or closing of the ports of a particular country. They talk of the change wrought by the introduction of international railways quite as glibly as of our dependence on the South for cotton, and on the North and on Russia for corn. If it is they who profess to dread the results to this country of a war in which France should blockade the ports of Russia, or Russia the ports of America, it is they also who ridicule the worthlessness of blockade in the event of a war between ourselves and any other country. It is, however, beyond question, that in such a case Russian goods would come to us through Memel, and French goods through the ports of Belgium and Italy. In the same way, if we went to war with a restored Union, we should certainly not use the right of blockade in such a manner as to deprive ourselves of American cotton and American corn; while, if we went to war with one of the new Confederacies, we should receive its products through the other. It is, in fact, the exceptional circumstances of the South that have made the present war so disastrous to neutrals. A country, with no neighbours but its enemy and a semi-barbarous wholly roadless neutral, may be "blockaded" with a completeness impossible in the case of any other continental country. It is probable that a hasty generalization from the special circumstances of the present war has much to do with the number and the eagerness of the reformers of the maritime code.

If the opinion of the terrible consequences to neutrals of the right of blockade is, partly at least, the result of an exclusive attention to the present war, that of its great efficiency as an instrument of offence is hardly justified by the events of any war in history. The present blockade is, perhaps, the most effective on record; yet, if the South is conquered, it will be conquered, not by the loss of its commerce, but by the defeat of its armies and the occupation of its territory. Nor, again, is any future blockade likely to be more effective than that of the French Empire from 1803 to 1814; yet, but for an accident, Napoleon might, in the eleventh year of the war, have dictated his own terms six hundred miles from his proper frontiers; and, although her trade had been well nigh annihilated, France was finally conquered only by the dispersion of her armies and the capture of her capital. The threatened secession of New England, and the early peace which terminated the Anglo-American war of 1812-1814, are commonly reckoned a triumph of the power of blockade. But this is

at the least, an exaggeration; for the war had been opposed from the first, by New England, on political as much as on commercial grounds, and those States had long before been reluctant sufferers under an embargo imposed by their own Government. Further consideration may suggest some qualifications; but, on the whole, it is true to say that Great Britain—the most powerful maritime nation the world has ever seen—has conquered every enemy, except the Dutch, by means of its army.

Again, there is a great deal of exaggeration current about the anticipated results to England of the abolition of the right of blockade. The *Times* gravely announces that our commerce and our security will be endangered by it; though the commerce of the most commercial nation can only increase when blockades no longer terrify or curtail it, and the security of islanders must depend on their defensive navy; and the surest nursery of a navy, whether for defence or for offence, is a prosperous mercantile marine. England, stript of the blockading power, would, in short, remain as before—impregnable. She would remain the richest nation in the world, and in possession of the power to transport armies and means of offence to any point of the territory of her enemy or her allies. If, moreover, she had to conquer by means of soldiers and subsidies, she would conquer by the same means by which she conquered, not only in the Crimean and the Napoleonic wars, but in every war that she has waged since she wrested from the Dutch the first place on the ocean.

Again, it has been said that the abolition of blockades would remove the motive for the interference of neutrals; but it has yet to be proved that neutrals have ever been induced by such a motive to interfere, or that, if they interfered, their interference would not increase the number of the combatants rather than restore peace. It has been said, too, that the same change would tend to prolong wars, or render them more frequent, because (apparently) the stronger, deprived of the right of blockade, would no longer be able to crush his enemy at the outset. This may be. But it is by no means certain for the interest of mankind that the strong should be able, without peril to himself, to dictate terms to the weaker. We ourselves exercised that prerogative of the strong, in 1851, when Greece was quickly reduced to submission by the presence of a blockading squadron; but that is not now thought a bright page in our history. The last exercise of a like prerogative was in 1859, when France forced Portugal to grant what the English Ministry had declared not to be due. No one out of France then applauded, and France herself would scarcely have pressed her point, if it had been necessary to invade and occupy a part of the Portuguese territory. Such an argument, however, strange anywhere, is least of all appropriate in the mouth of Englishmen; for England claims to be the champion of the smaller States, not their policeman. Lastly, it has been said that the abolition of blockade would remove a powerful motive for the interference of the subjects of the belligerent. There is some truth in this objection—and we shall return to it—though some people speak as if they thought that war might become a sort of popular amusement were security once given to the private property of belligerents. If a people are really in earnest, the example of the Americans shows that they will fight, no matter what the amount of suffering—short of starvation—that may be caused by commercial disasters; and if they are not in the sternest earnest, the people of few countries would bear the taxation required for great military expeditions.

On the other hand, however, it is not satisfactory to be told that blockades must be abolished, because “nothing but an actual mixing in hostilities” justifies a belligerent in touching a neutral, when the writer from whom we quote goes on to add that “to relieve a besieged place is actually to mix in hostilities.” No doubt Mr. Westlake—limiting in his own mind the signification of the word “besieged place” to that popularly accepted, vague as it is—thinks the doctrine fatal to commercial blockades. But, unless he denies altogether the right of an enemy’s fleet to capture seaports, which would be absurd unless he also denies the right of his army to march on Paris, or Birmingham, or Berlin, and to conquer whole provinces if it can—a denial which would itself amount to a declaration of the unlawfulness of war—he must at least admit the possibility of such ports as New York and Marseilles becoming “besieged places.” From this the step is easy to the siege (so to speak) and blockade of a whole country. We will take an extreme ease, for the purpose of putting the matter clearly. Suppose a coalition of France, Russia, and America against England, and suppose the allies to have destroyed the English fleet. It is clear that an efficient blockade of this island, prolonged for a single year, would go far to reduce the Government to submission, for while the blockade of the Confederate States only deprives the people of luxuries and conveniences, a blockade of Great Britain would deprive its population of food. We are, therefore, justified in saying that, in this way, war would be carried on “with the utmost vigour,” and the enemy “stricken with a most severe blow.” We proceed in the words of Mr. Westlake, “If the neutral places himself where, when you strike the enemy, the blow reaches him through the enemy, he cannot complain of the vigour with which you have struck.” Mr. Westlake had already told us that a neutral had no right to relieve a besieged port, although (we presume) he had been previously an habitual trader with the port, and would, therefore, himself be an immediate sufferer by his abstinence; and it was, consequently, quite unmeaning for him to add, “but you may not strike the enemy through the neutral.”

Further consideration would probably confirm the opinion that there is much exaggeration current on this question. In all probable wars, the results of a blockade to this country would not be very serious. In wars between countries the navies of which were nearly equally powerful, there would be no blockade at all. Nor, again, would a belligerent Government put in force a blockade unless the advantage to itself were beyond a doubt, and this would not very often be the case. As Mr. Spence puts it, the exercise of blockade is optional, and would often be declined by a belligerent. On the other hand, Mr. Spence himself exaggerates when he says that to abolish the right of blockade would be “to take away from the British navy its right arm of efficiency, and to reduce it to a mere instrument of defence.” We have shown that it would still be a most powerful instrument of offence. But, after all, each generation decides political questions according to what appears to itself the balance of advantages and disadvantages. Our generation will decide the present question according to the estimate it may form of the relative advantages to neutrals and disadvantages to belligerents of the change proposed. The prerogative vote of this country will be given on these practical grounds, and on these alone. And it will chiefly take into account the probability of our being neutral in a war with America, with the degree of injury to ourselves under such circumstances, on the one hand, and that of our being ourselves at war with France, with the degree of injury to her under such circumstances, on the other. It is as easy to exaggerate the efficiency of blockade as an instrument in terminating or preventing war, as it is to depreciate unduly the efficiency of a fleet in assisting the offensive military operations of an island people. But in contemplating the possibility of a war with France, we must remember that we have to deal with a people of exceptional vanity and fickleness, to whom war is still almost a pastime. We do not believe that a menace of blockade would prevent, or its execution (except under peculiar circumstances) curtail, a war, into which a people were drawn by strong passion or a clear sense of duty or of interest. But the French are likely to go to war unswayed either by passion or by duty, or even by deliberate ambition. A popular caprice, or a vague idea suddenly taking definite shape in the brain of a scheming politician, may at any moment cause a prodigious army to cross the frontier of France. In such a crisis a very small thing might turn the scale; and men may deem a blockade an insignificant instrument of offence, and yet be excused for retaining it, if they think that the dread of it may, in a fortunate moment, expel from the brain of the French Emperor a dream full of peril for the world.

In conclusion, one remark must be made with reference to the right of maritime capture. Three weeks ago the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce decided that it was not expedient to abandon the right of blockade. The same body has since been engaged for two days in a warm discussion of the right of capture; and a considerable majority has decided to petition Government to advocate its abolition. But the British Government might as well speak to the winds as ask foreign Powers to abandon the right of maritime capture, while the right of blockade is still maintained. Foreign Powers know well that the strength of a great commercial people in maritime war lies in their power of blockade, their weakness in the immense commercial marine, the extension and density of which exposes it to easy plunder. Such a people can easily blockade the ports of their enemy, but it is impossible for them adequately to protect their own commerce. American experience has shown that an effective blockade, fatal as it may be to sailing vessels, is powerless to prevent the passage of swift steamers. And after such a lesson, foreign nations are not likely to throw away the only possible mode of avenging the insults and the injury of a prolonged blockade.

#### THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE transfer of the Cattle Show from Baker Street to the new Agricultural Hall at Islington is a great improvement. The space now available for the exhibition is larger than appears necessary; but considering the probable growth of future years the dimensions of the building are not extravagant. The Agricultural Hall is one of those combinations of iron and glass with other materials which the success of the Exhibition Building of 1851 has shown to be so suitable for similar purposes. It is unnecessary to criticize this Hall as a work of art; first, because we apprehend that the designer had only in view to produce a building which should answer its purpose, which this does; and secondly, because the work may at least be fairly said to be an improvement to the neighbourhood where it is placed, seeing that the suburb of Islington is not by any means remarkable for the splendour or elegance of the structures of which it is composed.

The new Hall holds conveniently all the animals and machines exhibited, and it is also able to receive a large number of spectators without disagreeable crowding. Spectators, it may be supposed, are gathered there from various motives. There are breeders of stock from all parts of England, who feel a professional interest in the proceedings. There are, it is to be feared, persons of fleshly mind who see in a noble Devon or Short-horned ox only so many stone of beef, and who care not to know the name or country of breeder or exhibitor; but whose hearts stir within them when they learn, from a placard, that some noted butcher of the metropolis has become the purchaser of yonder mountain of fat, which sustains itself upon four slender

legs. There are also, perhaps, other persons who do not so much value what they see as the thoughts which the sight awakens. After years of toil and care, amid the din and filth of a vast city, comes back to the mind a vision of distant half-forgotten homes, where yet, on summer evenings—

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

as in days when they were young and happy. The features of nature are still the same, whether looked at in childhood or old age; and the habits of those who dwell face to face with nature change but slowly, or, at least, they used to be sufficiently immutable before railways brought farmers from every county up to London to see the cattle-show. No doubt these farmers are all very much improved by what they see, and perhaps they are, some of them, also in no small degree surprised. We cannot help thinking that, in the matter of agricultural machines, there are some ingenious and enthusiastic persons who go-ahead at a pace which the practical farmer would find it difficult to keep up with. There seems to be, in the present exhibition, a machine for performing every operation, great and small, that can occur upon a farm. Many of these machines are very beautiful and effective; and the only question that can be raised about them is, where are the farmers who have the money to buy them and the opportunity to use them profitably? There is to be seen, in the Hall, an exceedingly neat-looking light cart—the very thing, we should have said, to suit two or three gentlemen who want to drive over to a friend's house for a day's shooting, taking their dogs with them, but perhaps not quite so well adapted to answer the character claimed for it in the catalogue, of an "improved market cart." It is, doubtless, true that various commodities are sent to various kinds of markets. If the cart which we so much admired were designed to carry a farmer's pretty daughters to the market matrimonial, we should say that the style and finish of it were most appropriate. But if it were designed to carry to market a farmer or farmer's wife and a load of eggs and butter from a moderate-sized farm, let us say, the fertile but not vehemently progressive district of Taunton Deane, we can only admire the enterprising spirit of the manufacturer, and hope that he may not be at a loss for customers. We admit that it is rash to offer to fix the limits of possible innovation; but still it is difficult to believe that any farmer of Taunton Deane would think of coming to market in such a sumptuous vehicle as we have described—not to mention the further improbability of his owning a horse which would not disgrace the cart, and the conceivable deficiency, in his own person and attire, of the smartness necessary to complete the whole turn-out. We have taken for our example this district of Taunton Deane, partly because it happens that the Cattle Show contains abundant proofs that the farmers of that district do know how to breed stock, and partly because we have the advantage of writing from a lively personal recollection of how the farmers of that district rode to market not very many years ago. If such beautiful carts were likely to come into use there at all, it is much to be lamented that Richard of Taunton Deane, celebrated in song, could not have had the benefit of the invention. If he had driven over to see his mistress in one of these carts, drawn by a neat, fast-trotting horse, and not by the Dobbins of the legend, it is highly probable that that mistress might have proved less obdurate.

The proofs of the skill of the stock-breeders of Taunton Deane were exhibited among the Devon cattle. The beautiful breed of small dark-red animals which has made Devon famous is cultivated with as much zeal and success in Somerset. It is just the same with cider, as regards which Devon enjoys the fame which is earned by the two counties jointly. Another breed of cattle is called after a county—Herefordshire—of which the reputation is in like manner enhanced by the efforts of the counties which border on it. Both these breeds are very much localized; whereas another equally distinct and favourite variety—the Shorthorn—appear to be indigenous wherever there are agriculturists rich and spirited enough to engage in breeding them. The Devon, the Hereford, the Sussex, the Norfolk polled, and the Welsh cattle are all distinct tribes, having each its territorial limits and its history; but the Shorthorns are scattered up and down throughout the land. Thus, with all their beauty, they have not the local interest which attaches to other varieties of English cattle. In beauty they are equalled by the Devons only. We should say, without disparagement to the many splendid specimens of other classes, that the Shorthorns and Devons are the most perfect and admirable results of English breeding. Both in these two, and in the other classes of cattle in the Show, there are many animals so beautiful that it really seems a sacrifice to turn them into meat. It were almost better that the Christmas dinner-table should be poorly furnished, than that these shapely and gentle creatures—the pride of the districts from which they come—should all be brought ingloriously under the common name of beef. We have little sympathy with sheep, except perhaps the mountaineers, which are not fat enough to make much figure in the butchers' shops at Christmas; and as for pigs, it is impossible to consider them in any other light than as slightly animated bacon. But, really, the man who could desire to dine off one of these symmetrical Shorthorned or Devon bullocks must have a rapacious and unwholesome appetite, and would eat his own father if he were fat and tender. If those nations which worship a cow were to select a deity at Islington, their superstition would not be utterly contemptible. It is really lamentable to think that so much beauty is to be wilfully defaced. Here and there, in the Hall, one sees an artist

painting a picture of some admired animal in the Show. It seems odd that a breeder who will keep a portrait of a favourite cow should send the original to the slaughter-house, but breeders appear to be ready to do this if they can get their price. We do not say that all the cattle exhibited at Islington will have become beef by Christmas Day, but it was impossible to distinguish what would and what would not; and we consider the interest of such an exhibition very inferior to that of the one held at Battersea—where the ultimate end of cattle-breeding was not brought so prominently into view, and a large part of the collection consisted of cows which had calved too lately to be at all nearly fit for the butcher's hand, and of bulls which would never be fit for it at all, unless, when old and useless, they might be turned into cheap provision for the poor. We do not wish to spoil anybody's dinner on Christmas Day by causing remorseful meditations on the possible beauty of the animal which may have furnished the repast; but, at the same time, we must protest against those butchers with a balance at their bankers who swagger, like monarchs of all they survey, about the Hall, digging the ribs of one animal, pulling the tail of another, and constantly forcing upon the minds of more sentimental people the painful truth that all these sleek, comely, and high-bred creatures are merely the commodity in which the aforesaid butchers deal. One cannot exactly object to the sticking up of placards announcing the names of purchasers, but we fear it is an example of the too prevalent disposition to turn all such exhibitions, although professing to serve higher purposes, into a machinery for puffing tradesmen.

The object to which the efforts of modern stock-breeders are directed, with marvellous success, is to ensure the speediest possible maturity alike of pigs, sheep, and larger cattle, so that the money expended on them may be returned without the long delay which was submitted to in primitive and unscientific times. The same motive operates to cause that early bringing forward of thoroughbred horses for which two-year-old races have been so largely established in recent years. The ordinary horse-breeder wants to have a chance of getting back his money promptly, and he troubles himself little about the effect of his operations on the general quality of English horses. There can be no doubt that, in horse-breeding, this principle of action is unsound, but, as regards cattle, there is no harm in taking the shortest road to the only end which possesses practical utility. An animal which merely eats that it may be eaten had better get its fat on as fast as it can. The most nourishing kinds of food are given to it, and condiments have been invented with the same object for which cooks employ sauces—viz. to reinforce a sated appetite. It is wonderful to see large and apparently full-grown sheep of the age of twenty months. There is plenty of mutton and of wool of the finest quality, and what can the animal do more for the world except to depart out of it, and make room, on its Southdown or Cotswold pasture, for a successor with equally persevering appetite and unfailing power of digestion? Side by side with these triumphs of modern farming which exhibit the skill of Sussex or of Gloucestershire, may be seen the old-fashioned mountain sheep from Exmoor or North Wales, half the size and double the age of its softer and more gently nurtured neighbour; but living on scanty grass, needing little shelter or attendance, and able to jump like a greyhound over the walls which have been built partly by way of boundary to its pasture, and partly for the sake of putting out of the way a portion of the loose stones which are scattered thickly over the wild hills on which these sheep wander all the day until a well-trained dog comes to drive them down into the valley where they are folded at nightfall, rather for the sake of the manure they give than from any view to their security. It is interesting to compare these hardy mountaineers with that choice Southdown breed which the late Duke of Richmond loved better than either his park of deer or his stud of race-horses.

There are very few Londoners who are capable of a critical examination of the objects presented to their notice at the Cattle Show. But all may understand something of the beauty and utility of the animals exhibited, and many pleasant hours may be spent in comparing the various classes which represent districts differing widely in soil and climate. The new Agricultural Hall is excellently contrived for the accommodation and gratification of sightseers; and we cannot but wish prosperity to an enterprise which promises to make the town better acquainted with the country. There were to be seen at Islington this week genuine shepherds, in smockfrocks, cutting up turnips with clasp knives to feed their sheep by hand, and lying down to rest beside their charges. These were not the shepherds of poetry, but, nevertheless, they were a pleasant sight. In default of opportunity to wander among farm-yards and pastures, it is no small privilege to walk up and down between the rows of oxen and pens of sheep at the Cattle Show.

#### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE especial fickleness of the general public in matters of amusement renders the path of any caterer for their entertainment who may be bold enough to deviate from the conventional and well-beaten track, anything but a path of roses. No one can, of course, be expected to provide amusements without a well-grounded hope of being repaid for his trouble; and hence many admirable schemes for public amusement—admirable in their appealing somewhat to the mind and not wholly to the senses—have been more or less marred by the admission, little

by little, of what is, unfortunately, but too correctly called the popular element. How many schemes, for example, for concerts in which classical music was to be the leading feature have fallen through! Piece by piece, the classical music retires to make way for mawkish ballads, or threadbare scenes from popular operas. Far is it from our purpose to join in a senseless outcry against all light or sprightly music. There is as much nonsense talked about frivolity in music as in many other branches of art; and we have as little respect for those who will not admit anything to be music unless it is signed by a great name, or comes from a particular nation, as for those who hold all music to be heavy and void of melody unless it be of the most trivial and flimsy character. What Mr. Puff says of the people who think for themselves is equally true with respect to the people who have a taste of their own; their number is very small indeed. While it is quite sufficient to tell some that they are listening to Handel, Beethoven, or Bach to ensure their raptures, real or feigned, you are certain to secure the foregone *enmity* of another class if you give them anything but Strauss, Auber, or Verdi.

When, therefore, such difficulties attend any attempt to create an entertainment not utterly frivolous nor beneath the notice of those who, even in their leisure moments, desire to be treated as rational beings, we cannot but rejoice that Mr. Chappell has been able to secure for his Popular Concerts, originally commenced as a mere experiment, such a firm hold upon the London public. The favour with which the public received the Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn nights, interspersed by M. Jullien, and subsequently by Alfred Mellon, among the programmes of their promenade concerts, showed that an audience might always be relied upon where the orchestral works of any of the great masters in music formed the staple entertainment. Yet it might well have been doubted whether the same success would be found to attend concerts dedicated to the severer style of chamber music—severer inasmuch as the means and conditions of producing effects are so limited. The very rare opportunities afforded to the general public of hearing instrumental quartettes and trios rendered it necessary, as it were, to educate an audience to find pleasure and recreation in such performances; and it is therefore a subject of great congratulation to all who are interested in the progress of good music, both as a means of refinement and of healthy amusement, that Mr. Chappell should have been able to persevere in his experiment, and that so large a public has been found to answer to his call.

The first series of the fifth season of the Monday Popular Concerts has just concluded. With the exception of the last two Concerts, this series has been arranged upon a plan not altogether new to the Monday Concerts, but which has not been so systematically followed as during the present season. The programmes have included one piece of more pretensions than an ordinary quartett, although still belonging to the class of chamber music, and at each concert a sonata for the pianoforte, a duett for violin and piano, and a piece for the violin unsupported, have been introduced. Thus, Beethoven's well-known septett has been performed twice, and a septett of Hummel's (for a different combination of instruments, the piano being one of them) has also been given. Mendelssohn's ottett, that marvellous production of a boy of fifteen, and Spohr's double quartett (a distinct species of composition from the ottett, although played by exactly the same instruments) have in turn occupied the principal part at two concerts. Of the pianoforte sonatas, Beethoven has contributed the largest number; but Mozart, Cherubini, and Weber, have each been laid under contribution. The violin solo has, except in one instance, been taken solely from the works of Sebastian Bach. Herr Joachim's partiality for the old master of Leipzig is well known, and nothing certainly could contribute to a greater popularity of this old music than the wonderful manner in which it has been interpreted by Herr Joachim at these concerts. Till very recently, amateurs in England were innocent of any near acquaintance with Bach, except as a writer of fugues for the organ. They certainly are his strong point; but, thanks to the energy of Professor Bennett and the Bach Society, the great power which Bach has displayed in his *Passions-Musik* has been brought home to English musicians. Herr Joachim has been engaged in a similar task with respect to Bach's compositions for the violin, which we cannot call to mind as having been performed by any great violinist within the last five and twenty years. It is easy to see why such pieces, apart from considerations as to their power of pleasing a mixed audience, should not have been loved by solo players. They demand great self-denial, presenting literally no opportunities for dash and display so dear to all soloists; yet at the same time they cannot be presented except by those who have mastered all the difficulties of execution which may be legitimately required from the performer. Add to this a largeness and clearness of phrasing, an unerring precision in intonation for the harmonic passages perpetually occurring, and we can easily perceive how rarely the necessary combination of qualities are likely to be found in one player, and even if found, how probable it is that their possessor may be disinclined to employ them upon such music. Fortunately, all the positive and negative qualities necessary for the interpretation of these "*six solos for violin without accompaniment*," are united in Herr Joachim. We have said negative qualities, because we occasionally fancy a want of what we would call romantic sentiment in his playing. Sentiment there always is, when required, deep and touching; but that peculiar expression which was so superabundant in Ernst (we must

explain our meaning by an example), and of which his playing of his own *Elegy for the violin* is a striking example, is not often found in Herr Joachim. The absence, however, of this quality gives greater force to the rendering of these solos—sturdy, solid music, with no frippery of ornament, although not altogether without passages of brilliancy, but then it is ornament of a day gone by, and as such, hardly recognised now. Anything more masterly or musicianly than Herr Joachim's delivery of these pieces cannot be imagined. It certainly has not been surpassed in the past, and it is difficult to fancy ever can be in the future. The effect he secures from a single instrument is marvellous, producing complete chords as easily and clearly as ordinary players produce single notes. How a fugue could be given at all on a violin might well puzzle most hearers, but with Herr Joachim all difficulty vanishes, and the subject with its answer is brought out even more distinctly and clearly than would be done by many accomplished players on the organ or pianoforte. It is impossible to point out all the many beauties which have marked his playing in the other pieces in which he has assisted; but had Herr Joachim appeared unknown, and not been recognised long before the present series of the Monday Concerts as the greatest performer of the day upon the violin, his performance of the solos by Bach must alone have secured for him that distinction. The sonata for the piano has been played by Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Herr Pauer. It is one of the best features of the programmes of the Monday Concerts, that there is always a sterling sonata for the piano. It is a great pity, with the interest now taken in amateur music, and the very large amount of industry and ability displayed by amateurs, that these pieces are still so much neglected in our drawing-rooms. We are convinced that a movement from a sonata by Haydn or Mozart would be infinitely preferred to the "fire-work" music which young ladies delight to inflict upon us. But here, again, the prejudice which insists, on the one hand, that all sonatas must be dull, and, on the other, that it is sacrilege to give only a movement from a classical piece, have effectually shut the piano against much lovely and exquisite music. Certain we are that people who are now bored to death with a series of pieces written only to display a certain amount of executive facility, and without a particle of real music in their composition, would be delighted with some judicious selection from the wealth of melody and skilful harmony contained in the sonatas of the old masters. But then we must not be compelled to have the whole or none. Half-an-hour or twenty minutes is more than we are inclined to give, except to a very special performer; and when a player of classical music sits down, now-a-days, we know she will not vacate the music-stool till she has gone conscientiously through every movement of any piece she may have selected for our edification, however long it may be. To the young ladies themselves, the gain of substituting sterling music for the arrangements and fantasias so much in vogue would be immense. One half of the trouble in acquiring the mere mechanical work would be saved; and there would be some real pleasure in bringing out a meaning or a sentiment from the notes before them, besides something approaching an intellectual exercise in so doing, of which there can be not the faintest trace in pianoforte study as now directed. The constant presence of these sonatas, admirably played as they always are at St. James's Hall, may induce a recognition of the views we have here put forward; and even those who only care to have their ears tickled with a sprightly or sentimental melody may be brought to acknowledge that it is possible for this to be done by music which claims something more, in design and arrangement, than the trifles of the hour to which they are habituated.

Anxious that the programmes of the Monday Concerts should not be too tightly closed against new and unfamiliar music, quartetts by Schubert and Molique, and a quintett by Schumann, have found place in this series. We are in England, perhaps, too little "given to new things" in music. Our steady attachment to those who please us renders us almost jealous of the attempt of any new-comer, and, with rare exceptions (Mendelssohn being one), he has to knock long and loudly at our ears before we give him a hearing. This opportunity has been, therefore, very welcome; and no one could have regretted the introduction of Schubert's quartett last Monday, with its admirable and graceful second movement, or that of Herr Molique at the preceding concert, which, although not quite original in its phrases, is a clever and masterly composition. The merits of Schumann are the subject of much controversy, and a further acquaintance might remove or soften the unfavourable impression which his quintett left—an impression for which we must confess to being predisposed by the recollection of one of his symphonies, given at a concert of the Musical Society. Still we never can regret an opportunity of hearing Schumann's more important works, for an acquaintance with his music is very necessary before forming an opinion upon the modern German school, as he may fairly be considered the bridge over which the present German composers have passed into the music of the future.

The vocal music at these concerts, although professedly introduced as a relief and contrast to what might otherwise become monotonous, has generally maintained the character of the concerts for interest and excellence. Two songs by Glinka, a Russian composer, have been eminently successful, and have raised a desire to strike deeper into so original a vein of melody. Whether we owe these songs to the research of Mr. Chappell or to Miss Banks, by whom they have been sung, we equally wish that one or the other may soon enable us to become further

acquainted with the composer. A new song, too, by Signor Piatti (who has assisted at the whole of the present series), with a violoncello obligato, has been given by Mr. Santley, to whose admirable singing, no less than to the graceful nature of the piece, was owing the very rapturous encore with which it was received.

The presence of Herr Joachim as leader, and of Signor Piatti for the violoncello, has secured for this series a finish of execution surpassing, perhaps, what has been attained on former occasions; but the selections alone, if only fairly done, would have marked these concerts as of peculiar excellence. The audience which assembled at St. James's Hall on Monday last (probably the largest ever collected within its walls) was at once a recognition of the services which Herr Joachim has rendered to these concerts, and of the gratification his own performances have caused. Each individual of the vast crowd there present seemed anxious to convey his thanks for the past, and his regret that a series of the most interesting concerts we can remember had come to an end. These performances will ever distinguish the opening of the musical season of 1862-63, and will not improbably mark an era in music among us. With the departure of Herr Joachim, the Monday Concerts give no sign till the middle of next January.

### REVIEWS.

#### KINGTON'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND.\*

MR. KINGTON is a hitherto unknown, and seemingly a young, author, who has boldly grappled with a very great subject, and has achieved a degree of success which, to say the least, gives great promise for the future. A man must have a good deal of confidence in his own powers who tries his 'prentice hand on a detailed life of the greatest man of the greatest century of the Christian era. But Mr. Kington's confidence is not misplaced. He has some things to learn and some things to unlearn; he has some inadequate chapters, which he will do well to write afresh for another edition. But, on the whole, he has not failed, even in attempting a portrait of the Wonder of the World. We gladly welcome a recruit of such promise to the ranks of those who look upon history as a matter too serious to be trifled with, who approach it in the right spirit, and who deal with it in the right way. The merits of Mr. Kington's book are real and sterling; the faults are such as years and experience will soon lead him to amend.

Our opinion of Mr. Kington's history improved as we went on. He has not attended to the proverb of setting one's best foot foremost. He begins with several chapters in which he is far from doing justice to his own powers. He tells us candidly that his first four chapters are merely compiled from modern writers, and that it was only with the fifth that he began to study original authorities. These four chapters contain a sketch of the history of the Western Empire up to the time of Frederick. For all this period Mr. Kington seems to have thought that original research was needless. When he reaches his own immediate subject, no one can toil more diligently or more laudably at every possible source of information. But the result of taking all the period from Honorius to Frederick at second-hand naturally is that Mr. Kington's notions of that period are not a little confused and inaccurate. He does not fully understand the past history; and consequently, he does not always fully understand the position of Frederick himself. This error has affected his main picture to a far less extent than one would have expected; still it has affected it in some measure, and the introductory chapters themselves are nearly worthless. We think we can see the way in which so clever a man as Mr. Kington has been led into such a fatal mistake. We were rather amused at a passage in his preface, where he says—"I must pay a grateful tribute to Alma Mater for her latest institution, the School of Law and Modern History." We wondered how the system of the Oxford School of Law and Modern History could possibly conduce to accurate knowledge about Frederick II., and we suspect that the System of that school is the very thing which has led Mr. Kington astray. He has, in the language of the School, "taken up" Frederick as his "special subject," and very well and carefully he has worked at that special subject. But the practice of Alma Mater's latest institution led him to believe that everything except his special subject might safely be got up second-hand. He has written a sketch of Charles, and Otto, and the Henries, and the elder Frederick, without once looking, as far as appears, at Eginhard, and Widukind, and Lambert and Otto of Freising. Consequently, Mr. Kington does not really understand the nature of the Western Empire, especially in relation to its dependent Kingdoms. The Burgundian Kingdom is a constant puzzle to him, as it always will be to every one who does not go a good deal below the surface of those times. It is curious to see how little Mr. Kington has been able to emancipate himself from bondage to the modern map. He knows, as an historian of Frederick II. could not fail to know, that the Empire of the Hohenstaufen took in large regions which we are accustomed to look on as the natural possession of Bourbons and

Buonapartes. But he always seems surprised whenever he comes across any fact which implies it. He has not fully got rid of the very prevalent notion, that the boundaries of modern France are something in the eternal fitness of things, and that it was somehow contrary to the course of nature for Besançon, Lyons, and Marseilles to stand in absolutely no relation at all to the personage whom German chroniclers speak of as "Gallus Tyrannus," or "Latina Francie Rector." It is wonderful how this superstition about "France" is ingrained in most men's minds, but it is more wonderful still that it should have survived such a course of reading as Mr. Kington has gone through. Of course we do not mean that Mr. Kington is ignorant of the facts of the case — far from it. He knows that the Kingdom of Burgundy was not French, but he is puzzled to find that it was not. Our puzzle is rather, not that the Kingdom of Burgundy was fully independent of the Duke or King at Paris, but that the Duchy of Aquitaine, at least formally, was not.

Another great fault in Mr. Kington is his defective system of reference, which makes it impossible to test his minute accuracy without taking nearly as much trouble as if one were going to write the history oneself. It is the duty of a writer on such a subject as Mr. Kington's to put his reader in a position to refute him if he can. This is conspicuously done by Dean Milman, who is in some sort Mr. Kington's guide and model. With his constant references and frequent extracts, Dean Milman acts, as a modern writer should act, as a guide to the original authorities. This good example Mr. Kington has not followed. His materials consist of a prodigious mass of chronicles, charters, and letters, scattered through various large collections, some of them quite recently published. Even well-informed scholars are not likely to have them all at their fingers' ends. Mr. Kington ought to have really told us where things are to be found. But his whole notion of a reference is to set down the name of a chronicle, probably very little known, without any reference to volume, page, book, or chapter. Now and then we are told that a thing is in Muratori or Pertz, but to look for a thing in Muratori or Pertz, without further guidance is rather like looking for a needle in a hay-stack. And it is almost mockery when he tells us in his Preface that "any letter or fact for which he does not give a reference will be found in the *Historia Diplomatica*, that imperishable monument of a French scholar's industry, of a French nobleman's liberality." The *Historia Diplomatica Friderici Secundi* is a collection of "three thousand charters and letters," with "a few previously unpublished chronicles." It is really too much to be told that things in general "will be found" in a collection like this, which few people are likely to have at hand, and to which those who have would be thankful for some sort of guidance. The result is, that we have been quite baffled in our attempt to form any opinion as to Mr. Kington's trustworthiness in those minute points by which an historian must, after all, stand or fall. It was too much to turn over folio after folio on the chance of lighting on the passage which Mr. Kington had before him. His zeal and industry are evidently so great that we are inclined to believe the best; but, as it is, we cannot give him the guaranty which a very little more trouble on his part might have enabled us to give him.

Allowing for these defects, there is much to admire in Mr. Kington's history. It is a book which shows real power, and it is power without extravagance. He shows an understanding of the time with which he has immediately to do, which is really surprising when we consider his imperfect ideas of the times which went before. He shows a full appreciation of the wonderful man of whom he writes, without any foolish hero-worship, any tendency to conceal or to extenuate the darker features of his character. The narrative is not particularly brilliant, but it is always clear and straightforward, neither sinking into meagreness nor evaporating in fine writing. But the narrative is not Mr. Kington's strong point. He tells his tale fairly, but his comments on the tale are generally far superior to its actual telling. When he stops to take a general view of a period, its events and its actors, he produces passages of much truth and vigour, rising often into genuine eloquence. On the whole, there is sterling stuff in the book itself, and there is the promise of something better still. Mr. Kington shows so much real ability, so true a power of dealing with history as it should be dealt with, that we the more regret that he should have been made in any degree the victim of a system which naturally tends only to the advancement of superficial knowledge. If we had needed a convincing proof of the delusive nature of the Oxford substitute for historical learning, it would be that a man capable of so much as Mr. Kington shows himself to be when he does his powers full justice, should have been led astray into the belief that he could write even a sketch of the early Teutonic Empire without reference to original writers.

We called Frederick the greatest man of the greatest century, and there can be no doubt that in greatness and variety of natural gifts he stands above all men of his own or almost of any other age. In the whole line of Caesars, we must go back to Julius himself to find his equal. Charles the Great was hindered by the circumstances of his age from the varied accomplishments of Frederick, and there is a sort of brilliancy about Frederick for which we should look in vain in any of his Teutonic predecessors. The truth is, that Frederick was German in nothing but the accident of his German father; born and bred in the south, his whole soul was southern. He was an Italian, with some elements derived from the Norman ancestors of his mother. In him, the last King of Germany, of Italy, or of Burgundy, the last Emperor of the Romans,

\* *History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans.* By T. L. Kington, M.A. Two vols. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

the Imperial diadem returned for a moment from the Greek and the German to the native Italian. That he was the last real King or Emperor, either of Germany or Italy, history shows plainly, and his position as such is well brought out by his biographer. Mr. Kington has some fine descriptions of his position as the last prince who held a true imperial sway over either realm, we must add, as the Prince who did all that lay in one man to prevent any true power passing to his successors. He bartered away the rights of his Crown to obtain a temporary support from the German Princes, and he was so blind to the true tendencies of his age as, during a long part of his reign, to show himself the enemy of the Free Cities. Mr. Kington remarks, with great truth, that Frederick, perhaps the man of the most brilliant powers that ever wore a crown, left no permanent results behind him. Men incomparably his inferiors by nature have wrought far more lasting effects upon the history of the world. That so it was was the result partly of his circumstances, partly of his personal character. The men who really accomplish most, for good or for evil, are the men who are really men of their own age—men who are enough in advance of their contemporaries to guide them, but not so much in advance as to be wholly removed in feeling from the men and the things around them. England has seen many such working for good, and France many such working for evil. And in no age were there more of both than in Frederick's own century. Our long line of worthies of that age produced not one who, for mere natural gifts, could be compared to "Stupor Mundi Fridericus," as our own historian delights to call him. The Wonder of the World shone and passed away like a meteor; while we had a Primate, an Earl, a King, each working in and for his own time, not to dazzle his own and all future generations, but to build up the laws and constitution of England. The gifts of Frederick were really too great, they raised him too high above his fellows permanently to affect them. And these gifts were not restrained and directed by any guiding moral principle. In this he forms a marked contrast to the great German kings who went before him. Henry the Fowler founded the German cities; Otto restored indeed the fatal union between Germany and Italy, but he entered Italy as a deliverer from a bad King and a worse Pope; Henry III. stood forth as crowned and sceptred right, the general reformer of Church and State in all his realms; Frederick's own grandfather devoted himself, with steady perseverance, and with an honest and good heart, to compass an object utterly hopeless and wholly undesirable, which to him naturally seemed both possible and righteous. Now, as Frederick was far from emulating the private virtues of any of these earlier kings, neither can we recognise in him any of their honest, enduring steadfastness. Not one had anything like his combination of power, but every one of them leaves a name which history respects far more than his. If he has any German parallel, it is the brilliant, unsteady Henry IV., like him called to a crown in childhood, like him deposed and excommunicated by successive Popes, like him driven to contend alike with rival kings and with rebellious children. But, perhaps, Frederick's position hindered any permanent results from his great power almost more than his personal character. As King of Sicily only, he might have reigned, in comparative obscurity indeed, but as one of the best and most beneficent of monarchs. He might possibly have incorporated all Italy into one State, and have reigned, if he pleased, on the Palatine as a local Emperor of the Romans. But, in the strange politics of the time, the crown of Rome was only to be had in Germany, and the twofold functions of a German and an Italian King were gradually getting more and more incompatible. The only result of the reign of the greatest prince that ever ruled over them was to leave Germany and Italy more divided than ever, to leave Burgundy a helpless prey to Parisian aggression, and to leave his own native realm ready to become the victim of invasion from the same quarter in a still viler form.

We will end with one of Mr. Kington's best passages, describing Frederick in all his glory at the Diet of Mainz in 1235:—

We can scarcely imagine a more lofty pinnacle of greatness than that upon which Frederick was now seated. He felt himself justified at this time in demanding from the King of Hungary the arrears of tribute, which had not been paid for seven and forty years. He knew himself to be the first Monarch in Christendom, both as to power and rank; he was surrounded by his lieutenants, the Princes and Prelates of Germany, who revered him not only for his own worth, but also because the glory of the Fatherland seemed in a certain sense to be bound up with the greatness of his House. Their sires had followed its fortunes through weal and woe for a hundred years. One generation had marched to the siege of Damascus under Conrad, the first Hohenstaufen Monarch. Another generation had aided Barbarossa in razing the haughty Lombard capital to the ground, had borne the holy relics of the Three Kings from Milan to Cologne, and had shared the disasters of their great Head at Rome and Lignano. A third generation had followed Henry VI. to ride the treasures of Palermo, had seen the caged Lion of England brought up before him for judgment, and had after his untimely death fought for his brother Philip against the rival House of Guelph. They themselves, the nobles who now surrounded Frederick II., could remember how the Boy from Sicily had, come across the Alps at the bidding of Pope Innocent to win the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire, and some of them had been his comrades in the Fifth Crusade, the only successful attempt upon Palestine within the memory of man. These adventurers could appreciate his courage and conduct under the most trying circumstances. They now beheld him once more among them on the banks of their own Rhine. They all swore to back him in his next attempt to bring the insolent rebels of Lombardy to order. The Minnesingers, such as Walter von Vogelweide, were loud in praise of so noble a patron of their art; they saw with joy that in spite of his long residence in the South he had not forgotten the old German lays which his forefathers had loved. From his time dates the modernized form of the Nibelungen Lied, and also the Sachsenepic, which marks the revival of the study of law. Every class and order of men looked upon

him with favour. Princes, warriors, bards, and burghers, were alike his loyal subjects. Even the Churchmen could not assail a Monarch with whom the Pope was now in strict alliance. Besides all this, Frederick had just received at the altar the hand of his fair young English bride, a lady whose beauty might gladden the heart of any King; from which union a race of new Hohenstaufen Kaisers might with confidence be expected, the future bulwarks of the Empire. It was a moment in which Frederick might fancy himself a god rather than a man. But, like the slave's whisper in the Roman triumph, there was one thought which might have arisen in Frederick's breast, to remind him that after all he was but a mortal. He must have recollect with bitter anguish that his first-born, so long his hope and pride, was now on the road to a Southern prison, there to expiate an unnatural rebellion. Such was the only thought that couldadden Frederick's triumphant sojourn in the old city of Mayence.

#### MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.\*

IT is only after very considerable experience that we gradually begin to realize how many circles there are in the literary world, as in the world at large. Considering how very widely the same education is diffused, how powerfully the same social influences operate on all writers, and how very quickly a book that is read at all generally gets its readers, it might seem certain that we should easily understand the literary position of almost any author. Facts prove the contrary. We should have thought that Mrs. Wood could not have told us anything about her career as an author that would astonish us. Yet, in the new novel which she has just published, she fairly takes us by surprise. She informs us that her second novel, called *The Channings*, was the object and victim of "a cabal." We have not the slightest means of disputing the assertion, or the faintest wish to contradict a lady. But what an abyss of the unknown opens before us when we hear of it! If any human publication ever seemed safe from the secret combination, the overt malice, and the deep feeling of a cabal, it was surely this. If a faint, washy novel, about good boys and girls, and naughty boys and their tricks, is to excite these terrible passions—no author is safe. We shall be having conspiracies against the Washerwoman of Clapham Common, and fiendish plots against the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. The thought, however, that novels so harmless, so unpretending, and so meek as *The Channings* are nevertheless victimized by a cabal, lends an interest which it would not otherwise possess to the perusal of *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*. As a composition, it is not very lively reading; but the reader who tries to think which of its chronicles of good boys, or its little moralizing, or its conversations of the imaginary poor, can furnish material to the wicked ingenuity of the authors of a cabal, may glide over the pages with a slight sense of flickering and adventitious amusement.

In those serener regions where cabals against the little family chronicles of well-meaning ladies are unknown, *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* will be probably judged to be a novel in the style of *The Channings*, but of a feebler make. Mrs. Wood does not trouble herself much about giving us novelties. We have again a family of virtuous children—we have again a naughty boy in an office—again a petty theft, of which the good boy is unjustly accused—and again a description of Worcester under the name of Helston-leigh. There is, however, one feature in the book which, if not quite new, is very nearly so. The story is interlarded with sketches of the neighbouring poor, and good advice given them. It is as if a dozen penny tracts had been bound up at random with the tale. Such representations of the poor are not proper subjects of criticism; and therefore, it is not within our province to notice them. But although tracts for the poor are allowable to those whose judgment approves of them, it is difficult to understand what possible good it can do to bind them up in a three-volume novel. The story itself recounts the trials of a mother who is left a widow with three paragons of sons. These sons get on admirably; they read, and study, and do their duty so as to win golden opinions from every one; and it is unnecessary to say that there is a glorious noble-hearted manufacturer, who takes the place of the attorney of *East Lynne*, who is always just and magnanimous, who sees the unfolding virtues of Mrs. Halliburton's eldest son, who makes him his partner, and has an only daughter ready for him to marry when he has a mind.

As the interest of this chronicle of good boys is not very overpowering, the reader has plenty of time to reflect as he goes along. And there is one reflection, or rather question, which the book may very easily awaken. Is it right to alter the facts of life in order to produce a good effect on young people? Those who are fond of little moral problems may find enough material for discussion in this question to keep them going for hours together. It is the avowed object of this novel to encourage young men to exert themselves. If only they will but behave like the young Halliburtons, they will have the wonderful success which befall those young prodigies. Now any one who considers for a moment must know that this is untrue. The eldest son goes into an office as an errand boy, marries his master's daughter, and becomes his partner. The second son, by frightful diligence, makes himself a great scholar, goes to Oxford, enters at the bar, and immediately has a sackful of briefs. The third son goes to Cambridge, by some accident misses being senior classic, but is senior wrangler, and takes orders. If these young men are held out as what the majority of young men, if good enough, could also be, and if their fortunes are represented as being within the compass of the

\* *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*. By Mrs. Henry Wood. London: Bentley. 1862.

majority of studious boys, the picture is utterly untrue to life. Well-meaning, diligent boys who learn under great disadvantages, who are sent by a poor mother to a bad school, do not ordinarily turn out, and cannot possibly turn out, first-rate scholars and mathematicians. They just manage, with fear and trembling, to glide through a pass, or grasp some of the very humblest forms of distinction. Virtue without advantages does not, except in very rare instances, lead to great success. It leads to some success; it leads to an honest reputation, and to the confidence of friends; it generally secures a respectable maintenance; but it cannot bring commanding intellect, nor can it place an average intellect on a fair footing for competition with minds of equal ability but of superior training.

But then it may be urged that a novelist creates imaginary characters and facts, and that it may be just as legitimate an object to represent life as it would be if it were very encouraging, as to represent it as it is. A young reader of *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* may be induced to study hard and do his best when he reads how surprisingly Frank and his brothers got on, whereas, if they had been made to succeed after the measure of real life, he would have felt no enthusiasm. Fiction avowedly uses the weapons of exaggeration, in order to inspire the notions of an ideal courage, heroism, and tenderness. The tale is told because it is supposed to be interesting, and we are interested in what is exceptional, and not in what is familiar. It is quite possible that boys should get on as these young Halliburtons are represented as doing. There are families to be found in England, where, in spite of all the disadvantages of poverty, one son after another has raised himself to distinction. And it must be observed that the patterns of real life are quite as delusive as those of fiction. When we are asked to read the stories of "men who have raised themselves," and to gather from the biographies of Newton or George Stephenson what poor lads may come to, we have in reality the treatment of the rare exception as a possible rule, just as we have in a tale. The difference is one, perhaps, which is felt or not according to the art of the tale-writer. In real biographies, although the conclusion drawn is erroneous, yet the facts are there, to be interpreted as we think best. But in the tale we never forget that it is the novelist who invents the facts, unless the novelist's own skill makes us forget it. We do not question the right of the author to treat only of the exceptional, but if the moral deduced is pointed out too obtrusively, we are recalled to the recollection that the good people are only virtuous puppets, who must work as their wires are pulled. It is because the moralising is so much like that of a schoolmistress, and the machinery is so flagrantly designed for a moral end, that the virtue and success of the Halliburtons strike us as a sort of pious fraud.

There are also instructive passages in this work of a different kind, and of a sort not usually found in novels. Mrs. Wood, at one point, interrupts the story to give us an account of the art of glove-making. She tells us how the leather is prepared and stained, and how the fingers and thumbs are cut out and sewn. We like this part of the book. In old days there used to be a sort of story constructed on the opposite principle. There used to be vast masses of useful information, and then, every now and then, the information would stop, and a little family party would come on the stage. After a score of pages about the divisions of the animal kingdom, or Egyptian antiquities, or the wars of the Jews, it was very refreshing to get to the simple playfulness of Harry, and Tom, and Fanny. They were not very lively; but they made a break in the outpouring of useful knowledge. Modern books like this novel of Mrs. Wood's are constructed on the opposite method, but with an effect equally happy. After a long series of chapters in which the budding virtues of the young Halliburtons are gradually revealed, and after a few of the intervening tracts about the life of the poor at Worcester, it is refreshing to come upon a sensible, straightforward account of a species of British manufacture. The example might be widely followed with advantage, and, if young people complained, their elders would like the digression. It would be a relief to many unromantic readers if the hero or heroine would stop the utterance of their insipid soul-longings, and go off, for a page or so, with a casual remark that coffee is the berry of a shrub found abundantly in Arabia, &c.; or that the hat, which looks so simple a product when seen on the head, is the result of a curious and ingenious division of labour. This would make us sure that we should not cut the pages of a lady's novel in vain. Nor ought we to say that any one will cut the pages of *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* in vain. Mrs. Wood chronicles as tiny events as any novelist ever chose to describe; but she has a gift for this sort of mild family story, and her tales are never very wearying. She has a playful way with her, and writes English with some spirit, and does not imagine her characters badly. *East Lynne* appears to have been a happy accident; but her usual and permanent type of novel—though unpretending, and most undeserving of the odious opposition of a cabal—has unquestionable little merits of its own.

#### DR. HAUG ON THE ZEND-AVESTA.\*

SANSKRIT scholars resident in India enjoy considerable advantages over those who devote themselves to the study of the ancient literature of the Brahmins in this country, or in

\* *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees.* By Martin Haug, Dr. Phil. Bombay: 1862.

France and Germany. Although Sanskrit is no longer spoken by the large masses of the people, there are few towns in which we do not meet with some more or less learned natives—the pandits, or, as they used to be called, pundits—men who have passed through a regular apprenticeship in Sanskrit grammar, and who generally devote themselves to the study of some special branch of Sanskrit literature, whether law, or logic, or rhetoric, or astronomy, or anything else. These men, who formerly lived on the liberality of the Rajahs and on the superstition of the people, find it more and more difficult to make a living among their own countrymen, and are glad to be employed by any civilian or officer who takes an interest in their ancient lore. Though not scholars in our sense of the word, and therefore of little use as teachers of the language, they are extremely useful to more advanced students, who are able to set them to do that kind of work for which they are fit, and to check their labours by judicious supervision. All our great Sanskrit scholars, from Sir William Jones to H. H. Wilson, have fully acknowledged their obligations to their native assistants. They used to work in Calcutta, Benares, and Bombay with a pandit at each elbow, instead of the grammar and the dictionary, which European scholars have to consult at every difficult passage. Whenever an English Sahib undertook to edit or translate a Sanskrit text, these pandits had to copy and to collate MSS., to make a verbal index, to produce parallel passages from other writers, and, in many cases, to supply a translation into Hindustani, Bengali, or into their own peculiar English. In fact, if it had not been for the assistance thus fully and freely rendered by native scholars, Sanskrit scholarship would never have made the rapid progress which, during less than a century, it has made, not only in India, but in almost every country of Europe.

With this example to follow, it is curious that hardly any attempt should have been made by English residents, particularly in the Bombay Presidency, to avail themselves of the assistance of the Parsis for the purpose of mastering the ancient language and literature of the worshippers of Ormuzd. If it is remembered that, next to Sanskrit, there is no more ancient language than Zend—and that, next to the Veda, there is no more primitive religious code than the Zend Avesta—it is surprising that so little should have been done by the members of the Indian Civil Service in this important branch of study. It is well known that such was the enthusiasm kindled in the heart of Anquetil Du Perron by the sight of a *facsimile* of a page of the *Zendavesta*, that in order to secure a passage to India, he enlisted as a private soldier, and spent six years (1754-61) in different parts of Western India, trying to collect MSS. of the sacred writings of Zoroaster, and to acquire from the Dostours a knowledge of their contents. His example was followed, though in a less adventurous spirit, by Rask, a learned Dane, who after collecting at Bombay many valuable MSS. for the Danish Government, wrote in 1826 his essay *On the Age and Genuineness of the Zend Language*. Another Dane, at present the most learned Zend scholar in Europe, Westergaard, likewise proceeded to India (1841-43), before he undertook to publish his edition of the religious books of the Zoroastrians. (Copenhagen, 1852.) During all this time, while French and German scholars, such as Burnouf, Bopp, and Spiegel, were hard at work in deciphering the curious remains of the Magian religion, hardly anything was contributed by English students living in the very heart of Parsiism at Bombay and Poona.

We are all the more pleased, therefore, that a young German scholar, Dr. Haug—who through the judicious recommendation of Mr. Howard, Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency, was appointed to a Professorship of Sanskrit in the Poona College—should have grasped the opportunity, and devoted himself to a thorough study of the sacred literature of the Parsis. He went to India well prepared for his task, and he has not disappointed the hopes which those who knew him entertained of him on his departure from Germany. Unless he had been master of his subject before he went to Poona, the assistance of the Dostours would have been of little avail to him. But knowing all that could be known in Europe of the Zend language and literature, he knew what questions to ask, he could check every answer, and he could learn with his eyes what it is almost impossible to learn from books—namely, the religious ceremonial and the ritual observances which form so considerable an element in the Vendidad and Vispered. The result of his studies is now before us in a volume of *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees*, published at Bombay, 1862. It is a volume of only 368 pages, and sells in England for one guinea. Nevertheless, to the student of Zend it is one of the cheapest books ever published. It contains four essays:—1. History of the Researches into the Sacred Writings and Religion of the Parsees from the earliest Times down to the present; 2. Outline of a Grammar of the Zend Language; 3. The *Zendavesta*, or the Scripture of the Parsees; 4. Origin and Development of the Zoroastrian Religion. The most important portion is the Outline of the Zend Grammar; for, though a mere outline, it is the first systematic grammatical analysis of that curious language. In other languages, we generally begin by learning the grammar, and then make our way gradually through the literature. In Zend, the grammatical terminations had first to be discovered by a careful anatomy of the literature. The Parsis themselves possessed no such work. Even their most learned priests are satisfied with learning the *Zendavesta* by heart, and with acquiring some idea of its import by means of a Pehlevi translation, which dates from the Sasanian period, or of a Sanskrit translation of still

later date. Hence the translation of the *Zendavesta* published by Anquetil Du Perron, with the assistance of Dastoor Dáráb, was quite untrustworthy. It was, in fact, a French translation of a Persian rendering of a Pehlevi version of the Zend original. It was Burnouf who, aided by his knowledge of Sanskrit, and his familiarity with the principles of comparative grammar, approached, for the first time, the very words of the Zend originals. He had to conquer every inch of ground for himself, and his *Commentaire sur le Yasna* is, in fact, like the deciphering of one long inscription, only surpassed in difficulty by his later decipherments of the cuneiform inscriptions of the Achaemenian monarchs of Persia. Aided by the labours of Burnouf and others, Dr. Haug has at last succeeded in putting together the *disjecta membra poëtae*, and we have now in his *Outline*, not indeed a grammar like that of Pánini for Sanskrit, yet a sufficient skeleton of what was once a living language, not inferior, in richness and delicacy, even to the idioms of the *Vedas*.

There are, at present, five editions, more or less complete, of the *Zendavesta*. The first was lithographed under Burnouf's direction, and published at Paris 1829-43. The second edition of the text, transcribed into Roman characters, appeared at Leipzig 1850, published by Professor Brockhaus. The third edition, in Zend characters, was given to the world by Professor Spiegel, 1851; and about the same time a fourth edition was undertaken by Professor Westergaard, at Copenhagen, 1852 to 1854. There are one or two editions of the *Zendavesta*, published in India, with Guzerati translations, which we have not seen, but which are frequently quoted by native scholars. A German translation of the *Zendavesta* was undertaken by Professor Spiegel, far superior in accuracy to that of Anquetil Du Perron, yet in the main based on the Pehlevi version. Portions of the ancient text had been minutely analysed and translated by Dr. Haug, even before his departure for the East.

The *Zendavesta* is not a voluminous work. We still call it the *Zendavesta*, though we are told that its proper title is *Avesta Zend*, nor does it seem at all likely that the now familiar name will be surrendered for the more correct one. Who speaks of Cassius Dio, though we know that Dio Cassius is wrong? Nor do we feel at all convinced that the name of *Avesta Zend* is the original and only correct name. According to the Parsis, *Avesta* means sacred text, *Zend* its Pehlevi translation. But in the Pehlevi translations themselves, the original work of Zoroaster is spoken of as *Avesta Zend*. Why it is so called by the Pehlevi translators, we are nowhere told by themselves, and many conjectures have, in consequence, been started by almost every Zend scholar. Dr. Haug supposes that all the earliest portions of the *Zendavesta* ought to be called *Avesta*, the later portions *Zend*—*Zend* meaning, according to him, commentary, explanation, gloss. Neither the word *Avesta*, nor *Zend*, however, occurs in the original Zend texts, and though *Avesta* seems to be the Sanskrit *avasthā*, the Pehlevi *avestak*, in the sense of "authorized text," the etymology of *Zend*, as derived from a supposed *zanti*, Sk. *jñāti*, knowledge, is not free from serious objections. *Avesta Zend* was most likely a traditional name, hardly understood even at the time of the Pehlevi translators, who retained it in their writings. It was possibly misinterpreted by them, as many other Zend words have been at their hands, and may have been originally the Sanskrit word *chhanda*, which is applied by the Brahmins to the sacred hymns of the *Veda*. Certainty on such a point is impossible; but as it is but fair to give a preference to the conjectures of those who are most familiar with the subject, we quote the following explanation of Dr. Haug:—

The meaning of the term "Zend" varied at different periods. Originally it meant the interpretation of the sacred texts descended from Zarathustra and his disciples by the successors of the prophet. In the course of time, these interpretations being regarded as equally sacred with the original texts, both were then called *Avesta*. Both having become unintelligible to the majority of the Zoroastrians, in consequence of their language having died out, they required a *Zend* or explanation again. This new *Zend* was furnished by the most learned priests of the Sasanian period in the shape of a translation into the vernacular language of Persia (Pehlevi) in those days, which translation being the only source to the priests of the present time whence to derive any knowledge of the old texts, is therefore the only *Zend* or explanation they know of. . . . The name *Pazend*, to be met with frequently in connexion with *Avesta* and *Zend*, denotes the further explanation of the *Zend* doctrine. . . . The *Pazend* language is the same as the so-called *Parsi*, i.e. the ancient Persian, as written till about the time of Firdusi, 1000 A.D.

Whatever we may think of the nomenclature thus advocated by Dr. Haug, we must acknowledge in the fullest manner his great merit in separating for the first time the more ancient from the more modern parts of the *Zendavesta*. Though the existence of different dialects in the ancient texts was pointed out by Spiegel, and although the metrical portions of the *Yasna* had been clearly marked by Westergaard, it is nevertheless Haug's great achievement to have extracted these early relics, to have collected them, and to have attempted a complete translation of them, as far as such an attempt could be carried out at the present moment. His edition of the *Gáthás*—for this is the name of the ancient metrical portions—marks an epoch in the history of Zend scholarship, and the importance of the recovery of these genuine relics of Zoroaster's religion has been well brought out by Bunsen in the least known of his books, *Gott in der Geschichte*. We by no means think that the translations here offered by Dr. Haug are final. We hope, on the contrary, that he will go on with the work he has so well begun, and that he will not rest till he has removed every dark speck that still covers the image of Zoroaster's primitive faith. Many of the passages as translated by him are as clear as daylight, and carry conviction by

their very clearness. Others, however, are obscure, hazy, meaningless. We feel that they must have been intended for something else, something more definite and forcible, though we cannot tell what to do with the words as they stand. Sense, after all, is the great test of translation. We must feel convinced that there was good sense in these ancient poems, otherwise mankind would not have taken the trouble to preserve them; and if we cannot discover good sense in them, it must be either our fault, or the words as we now read them were not the words uttered by the ancient prophets of the world. The following are a few specimens of Dr. Haug's translations, in which the reader will easily discover the different hues of certainty and uncertainty, of sense and mere verbiage:—

1. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! whether your friend (Sraosha) be willing to recite his own hymn as prayer to my friend (Frashostra or Vistápa), thou Wise! and whether he should come to us with the good mind, to perform for us true actions of friendship.

2. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! How arose the best present life (this world)? By what means are the present things (the world) to be supported? That spirit, the holy (*Vohu mano*), O true wise spirit! is the guardian of the beings to ward off from them every evil; He is the promoter of all life.

3. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! Who was in the beginning the Father and Creator of truth? Who made the sun and stars? Who causes the moon to increase and wane if not Thou? This I wish to know, except what I already know.

4. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! Who is holding the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the field? Who is in the winds and storms that they so quickly run? Who is the Creator of the good-minded beings, thou Wise?

This is a short specimen of the earliest portion of the *Zendavesta*. The following is an account of one of the latest, the so-called *Ormazd Yash*:—

Zarathustra asked Ahuramazda after the most effectual spell to guard against the influence of evil spirits. He was answered by the Supreme Spirit, that the utterance of the different names of Ahuramazda protects best from evil. Thereupon Zarathustra begged Ahuramazda to communicate to him these names. He then enumerates twenty. The first is *Ahú*, i.e. "I am;" the fourth, *Asha-ráhista*, i.e. "the best purity;" the sixth, "I am wisdom;" the eighth, "I am knowledge;" the twelfth, *Ahura*, i.e. "living;" the twentieth, "I am who I am, *Mazdā*."

Ahuramazda says then further:—

"If you call me at day or at night by these names, I shall come to assist and help you; the angel Serosh will then come, the genii of the waters and the trees." For the utter defeat of the evil spirits, bad men, witches, Peris—a series of other names are suggested to Zarathustra, such as protector, guardian, spirit, the holiest, the best fire priest, &c.

Whether the striking coincidence between one of the suggested names of Ahuramazda, namely, "I am who I am," and the explanation of the name *Jehova*, Exodus iii. 14, "I am that I am," is accidental or not, must depend on the age that can be assigned to the *Ormazd Yash*. The chronological arrangement, however, of the various portions of the *Zendavesta* is as yet merely tentative, and these questions must remain for future consideration. Dr. Haug points out other similarities between the doctrines of Zoroaster and the Old and New Testaments. "The Zoroastrian religion," he writes, "exhibits a very close affinity to, or rather identity with, several important doctrines of the Mosaic religion and Christianity, such as the personality and attributes of the devil, and the resurrection of the dead." Neither of these doctrines, however, would seem to be characteristic of the Old or New Testament, and the resurrection of the dead is certainly to be found only by implication, and is not distinctly asserted, in the religion of Moses.

There are other points on which we should join issue with Dr. Haug—as, for instance, when, on page 17, he calls the *Zend* the elder sister of Sanskrit. This seems to us in the very teeth of the evidence so carefully brought together by himself in his *Zend grammar*. If he means the modern Sanskrit, as distinguished from the Vedic, his statement would be right to some extent; but even thus, it would be easy to show many grammatical forms in the later Sanskrit more primitive than their corresponding forms in *Zend*. These, however, are minor points compared with the great results of his labours which Dr. Haug has brought together in these four Essays; and we feel certain that all who are interested in the study of ancient language and ancient religion will look forward with the greatest expectations to Dr. Haug's continued investigations of the language, the literature, the ceremonial, and the religion of the descendants of Zoroaster.

#### CONVERSATION PARTIES OF THE REV. C. SIMEON.\*

IT is stated, as we remember, in Mr. Carus's life of Simeon, that the subject of his biography required of his executors to limit the memoir which he knew would be expected of them to a single volume. The volume, indeed, when it appeared, proved somewhat bulky, and it was thought that, if this condition was literally fulfilled, it was owing to the efforts of the stitcher and binder rather than to those of the compiler himself. But the evasion, if such it was, was easily pardoned by Simeon's friends and admirers, who deemed that the limits thus imposed allowed scant justice to be done to his peculiar merits, and imagined that, however few and trifling the incidents of his life, the record of his teaching, conversation, and table-talk might have been profitably extended much further. For, not to mention his public ministrations, which seem to have embraced three sermons weekly, with rare interruption, for half a century, few men have lived more unreservedly

\* *Recollections of Conversation Parties of the Rev. C. Simeon.* By Alfred W. Brown, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1862.

in the semi-publicity of the private reception-room, or have devoted themselves so uninterruptedly to the utterance of the thoughts that passed through their own minds. These thoughts, indeed, might not be much diversified; they might be limited to a small circle of ever-recurring subjects; yet, repeated as they were, week after week, and year after year, to a numerous and shifting audience of unhesitating recipients, they formed a great cycle of traditional teaching, and were disseminated in a thousand channels through the length and breadth of the land. Simeon's table-talk was a power which, it may well have been thought by many, deserved an ampler record; nor, fragmentary and desultory as it necessarily was, could it have been more gracefully or effectually conveyed than through the medium of a judicious biography.

It might be expected, however, that though the authorized biographer was thus vexatiously restricted, there would be no lack of volunteers in the field to eke out his scanty notices with the copious fruits of their personal recollections. We have been surprised that so little has been published about Simeon since the appearance of the memoir which was thus confessedly deficient. It may be suspected, indeed, that, though still the priest and king of his own local clan and following at Cambridge, and still exercising, through his position at a great ecclesiastical centre, a considerable influence beyond it, Simeon had really lost much of his once unrivalled pre-eminence in the "religious world" some time before his death; and the years which have elapsed—years marked by more than one religious revolution—have sufficed to relegate his name to the land of shadows and traditions. We are now, perhaps, as much surprised at the appearance of a volume devoted to Simeon's "conversation parties" as we once were at the absence of such a memorial of him. We are glad, however, to have the veil withdrawn from those social meetings to which the pleasant teacher used to invite all the youth of the University that cared to attend him, and found his invitations gratefully accepted by a constant succession of fifty or a hundred guests. Though the once familiar doors of the rooms at King's College have been darkened by no such gatherings for a quarter of a century, there must be many still living who well remember their attendance within them, and many more, their contemporaries, to whom "Simeon's tea-parties" were a subject of jealousy or contempt, or more commonly of innocent wonder, hardly rising to the level of an emotion.

Simeon's "conversation parties," to adopt the generic name, are duly classified by Mr. Brown under four heads or species—"Clerical Meetings," "Sermon Classes," "Undergraduates' Friday Evening Parties," and ordinary "Social Parties." Mr. Brown draws the materials of his volume from the three last, in all of which he shared personally; for, going up to Cambridge, apparently as a married man, in the year 1827, he was introduced from the first to the great preacher's society, and became not only a constant attendant at his receptions, but, it would seem, a favourite disciple and friend. During his three years of residence he was in the habit of noting down all that occurred of interest to him on these occasions, and particularly, of course, all that fell from the master's own lips, rather as a mental or spiritual exercise than with any views of publication. The mass of these memoranda he had long suffered to perish; but the words of Simeon himself were carefully cherished and preserved, and he has now very naturally thought that there could be no violation of propriety in giving them to the world, introduced by a fair and kindly sketch of the venerable and beloved speaker.

To the clerical meetings Mr. Brown could have no access; nor was there much to notice in the Sermon Classes, in which some formal but desultory instruction was given to candidates for orders on the technicalities of composition, or in the Social Parties, in which Simeon enacted the ordinary part of a religious leader in his private circle. But the meetings most generally attended, and best remembered, were those held of a Friday evening through many successive years, in Simeon's own rooms, at which tea was served, and conversation invited or offered to all comers, between the hours of six and seven. All were received with equal blandness, and the courtesy of the old school; and an effort was made, perhaps a little too marked, to set everyone at his ease by an assumption of playfulness:—

He would often make some lively and playful remarks as the young men were coming in, or when he saw any constraint among his youthful guests. Thus, if the name announced was a common name, as Brown, Smith, Jones, &c., he would say, "Brown, Brown—no name at all, sir! Is it Brown of Trinity, Brown of Queen's, or who?" or would relate some little anecdote with the same object.

General confidence being thus secured, and the Browns and De Veres set on terms of mutual good fellowship, business commenced with a leading question from one of the familiaris of the place, to whom such precedence was for the most part tacitly accorded, and thenceforth it was understood that the conversation was to be left as much as possible to Simeon himself. It was rarely that Simeon allowed any engagement to interrupt these meetings. On one occasion (says Mr. Brown) he was taken suddenly ill, when it was impossible to give notice to his expected guests, but he would not shut his doors to them:—

While the men were arriving, the servant privately showed three of these (the writer being one), who had been most frequent in attending the parties, into the sick room, and Mr. Simeon persuaded us to go through the ordeal (no trifles) not only of telling our sixty or seventy assembled brother undergraduates how the case stood, but also of starting and keeping up, for the usual time, some suitable conversation, such as was customary on other occasions. We did so, and our fellow-students kindly and heartily leading

us their aid, the hour passed in useful scriptural conversation; the good-humoured critique which we afterwards heard pronounced by our companions being only that which, in those days, the gowmen usually applied to what fell from every other minister or expositor than himself, that it was "Simeon and water." Possibly this volume may fall into the hands of some who were present that evening.

It must be admitted, indeed, that even the genuine unalloyed Simeon would not always bear much reducing, at least as decanted for us by his present admirer; but if we produce a sample or two from the weakest parts of these conversations, it is rather to show the calibre of the audience to which they were accommodated, than as any reflection on the intellectual powers of the teacher. The first note in the volume is as follows:—

*The Spiritual Body.*—I know not what we shall be hereafter, but we shall have a spiritual body. I do not know what is meant by such a phrase; it is above me. Spirits have communion; we have communion, not dependent on the body, except as the organ or medium. The "Communion of Saints" means more than passes through the medium of the body.

The last note is in curious contrast with this very reasonable diffidence:—

Lazarus, during the four days he was in the grave, was probably in heaven; but oblivion was given him, that he should not remember what he had experienced there.

But we refrain from multiplying examples of weakness. It is more interesting to note how often Simeon's views give evidence of a wider sympathy than those which are popularly identified with him. Indeed, Mr. Brown emphatically declares of him:—

He was a loyal Churchman, staunch and affectionate towards the Church of England, at a time when a man's piety was deemed by many eminent religionists professedly of the Church to be questionable exactly in proportion as he adhered on principle, and not for convenience only, to the Church. Even Simeon was accused by some clergymen, who professed to lead public opinion, of "putting the Church before Christ."

The period of Simeon's active ministry long preceded the Oxford movement, which has since become matter of history; and the questions put to him seem seldom to have led him to the points most distinctive of High and Low Church sentiment in the next generation—such as the efficacy of the sacraments and the ministerial commission. Yet his defence of the Anglican formulas, and particularly of the Baptismal office, is such as would satisfy most "sound" men at the present day; and his definitions of "Regeneration" and "Conversion" would have hardly given satisfaction to the modern "Evangelicals." "I do not like the spirit of the *Record* newspaper"—then much the same as now—is a sentiment much to his credit with all moderate men. "I would rather give a Bible with the Apocrypha than none at all," is, we believe, a not less explicit rejection of another Shibboleth of his party. With regard to the so-called Calvinistic articles of the Church, he took a decided part against the Calvinistic interpreters, while he piqued himself on preaching, as he said, neither Calvinism nor Arminianism, but the whole Bible. Both these sectarians, he once wrote, are right in all they affirm, and wrong in all they deny; and he mentions with complacency that Dr. Coplestone was struck with the remark, and assented to it. But the difference between the two men was, that while both saw that each system contained a portion of the truth, Coplestone tormented himself with the attempt to reconcile them in his own mind, while Simeon was content to preach the one and the other alternately from the text before him. "The Calvinist," he used to say, "wishes for some texts to be expunged from Scripture. The Arminian wishes the same as to others. . . . I wish for all the Bible to remain as it is. I have felt thus for now fifty years." This eclectic teaching may have its effect where a man, from his age or position, can preach with authority; but it is not the stuff of which schools and sects are formed for permanence. After a lapse of thirty years, we can see that Simeon's influence was very great in forming a tone of mind and practical habits of action, but much less than was at the time supposed in developing or enforcing doctrinal views.

It would be easy to pick out from the book before us many characteristic and amusing sayings, though even these would lose half their raciness divested of the peculiarities of appearance and manner of which the recollection has now almost been lost. We prefer to select one or two of more than usual shrewdness, and which may convey some hints of practical service:—

B. is a popular preacher, and preached his way to promotion. I believe him to be a very good and moral and worthy man; nor do I wish to say anything unkind or harsh. But I cannot help thinking a thought—which you must help to put into kind words for me—touching him and some others of the present day. If they lived as they preached, they would be less thought of and promoted. The great do not dislike a man to preach the truth, if he will only mix in their society and live like them. If a preacher will do this, they rather like him to preach good doctrine. . . . I understand that the preacher we were speaking of is changing his style of preaching, and getting rather too faithful; if so, he will lose his popularity with the upper classes, and get no Bishopric."

Who can be the B. whose head is thus broken with precious balms before a room-full of undergraduates?

The following extract deserves perhaps more serious consideration:—

When a man asks me about a call to be a missionary, I answer very differently from many others. I tell him that if he feels his mind to be strongly bent on it, he ought to take that as a reason for suspecting and carefully examining whether it is not self rather than God which is leading him to the work. The man that does good as a missionary is he who is in *equilibrio*, and says, "Here am I; do what seemeth good unto thee; send me." We must be divested of self, else we shall do no good as missionaries.

This is much the same as Talleyrand's *surtout, point de zile*. It is curious enough to find two such different minds touching at this point.

## TRAVELS IN PERU AND INDIA.\*

MR. MARKHAM was entrusted, in 1859, with an important and delicate mission in Peru; and how it was executed is related in this volume. In the course of that year, the duty was confided to him of superintending the collection of the various species of Cinchona plants that are found on the slopes of the Andes, and making arrangements for their introduction into India. The supply of quinine is a matter of the first necessity to the inhabitants of our Eastern possessions. To make it more certain, cheaper, and more abundant, by naturalizing the plant from which the febrifugal alkaloid is extracted in the British dominions, is to confer one of the greatest blessings on a vast portion of the human race. No wonder that a project so fraught with future benefit to India should have of late years engaged the attention of statesmen. It reflects great credit on Lord Stanley that, on coming into the Indian Secretaryship, he took up the question—which had been dangling before successive Ministers—in good earnest, and with a determination to leave nothing undone towards its solution. There was the more reason for prompt action on account of the wholesale destruction of the Cinchona trees by the Peruvian bark-collectors, whose recklessness and improvidence threatened the rapid diminution of the supply of this precious drug—thus equalling, in short-sighted folly, the conduct of the noodle of fable who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Such an enterprise as Mr. Markham's would arouse curiosity were it only for the magnitude of the interests involved in its success; and it ought to furnish in plenty the materials for an interesting narrative. Had the author been content with describing his adventures in connexion with the special object of his travels, not only would his own services to humanity have been more clearly recognised, but the impression left by his book would have been much more pleasing. This, however, a mistaken ambition has not permitted him to do. Having a plain story to tell, he has told it with an unconscionable amount of digression. Instead of keeping to the record of his own experiences, he devotes whole chapters of his work to historical dissertations on the Incas and their descendants, and ethnological speculations about the peopling of Southern India—points which have really nothing to do with his subject, and appear to have been introduced only to swell his book to more pretentious dimensions. The history of the Cinchona plant is not only much more to the purpose, but much more interesting. It has been doubted whether its medicinal properties were known to the Indians, but as Mr. Markham observes, their very name for it, "the bark of bark," indicates that it was believed to possess some special virtue. Viewing their Spanish conquerors with dislike and suspicion, they would naturally be slow to impart knowledge by which their hated enemy would profit. In 1638, the wife of the Viceroy, the Count of Chinchon, lay sick at Lima of a fever, and was cured by a powder of quinquina bark sent to her physician from one of the provinces. On her return to Europe she carried with her a quantity of the healing bark, which was sold in Seville for a hundred reals the pound, and went by the name of "the Countess's powder." It was in memory of this great service that Linnaeus named the genus "Chinchona," which has since been by modern writers altered into "Cinchona." Later in the seventeenth century, the fame of Peruvian bark as a cure for ague was noised abroad by the Jesuit missionaries. It is a curious illustration of the strength of theological prejudice that, on this account, its use was for a long while opposed by Protestants, and favoured by Roman Catholics. For many years its value as a medicine remained a subject of angry controversy between doctors.

It was long before any definite knowledge was obtained of the tree from which the drug is taken. La Fontaine celebrates its virtues in a poem written in honour of the Duchess of Bouillon, who had been cured of a dangerous fever by taking Peruvian bark; but he is silent as to the exquisite beauty of the leaves, and the delicious fragrance of the flowers of the cinchona tree itself. The first man of science who described it was Condamine, who in 1735 accompanied a French scientific expedition to South America, and collected specimens, but lost them through an unfortunate accident while returning to Europe. Until the present century, bark was used in its crude state. Many attempts were made to isolate the healing principle in the plant. The final discovery of quinine is due to the French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou, in 1820. They discovered that the febrifugal principle was seated in two alkaloids, separate or together, in the different kinds of bark called quinine and chinchonine, the properties of which are the same in kind, though they differ in force. The usefulness of the drug has thus been greatly increased. Its growing value it is impossible to overestimate. The number of men in our naval service and in India whose lives it has saved will give a notion of the vast importance of a sufficient and cheap supply of the precious bark from which it is extracted. Of this there are five valuable species, collected from five different regions in South America. The particular district which Mr. Markham undertook himself to explore was that in Southern Peru, upon the confines of the neighbouring republic of Bolivia. The Peruvian province of Caravaya, lying on the eastern slope of the Andes, and watered by the tributaries of the Purus, itself a tributary of the Amazon, is peculiarly rich in the Cinchona Calisaya, which yields the yellow bark, and contains more quinine than any other species. Into the dense forest ranges of this

district did a European traveller for the first time plunge. The party consisted of Mr. Markham, Mr. Weir, a gardener, and some Indians. They had to hack their way through the thick bush. One of the party went in front as pioneer, clearing away the obstructions with his axe. In many places the ground was entirely choked up by creepers, fallen masses of bamboo, and long tendrils which spread from one tree to another. Nothing was more striking than the extraordinary variety of forms and shapes which the tropical vegetation assumed. Enormous trunks were seen, the roots of which separated at least twenty feet above the ground, and formed perfect gothic arches. The ferns and mosses were endless in their variety of shape and size. The colours of the birds and butterflies were gorgeous. The chief annoyance which the travellers experienced was the number of venomous insects. On many of the trees there were hornets' nests, from which the disturbed animals rushed out to revenge themselves on an intruder.

Mr. Markham was fortunate in having engaged the services of an expert "cascarillero," or bark collector, who was not only an expert woodman, but intimately acquainted with the different species of Cinchona tree. These cascarrilleros lead a hard and dangerous life. If by any accident they are lost, or their provisions fail, they die of hunger. They used to enter the forests in parties of ten or more, with supplies of food and tools. Having penetrated into the virgin forest until they reached the region of cinchona trees, they built some rude huts, and began their work. The *cataador*, or searcher, climbed a high tree, and, with the aid of experience and sharp sight, soon discovered the clumps by their dark colour and the peculiar reflection of the light from their leaves, easily observable even in the midst of these vast expanses of forest. He then, with unerring instinct, conducted the party through the tangled brushwood to the cinchona clump. From a single clump as much as a thousand pounds of bark was often obtained, and sent up to be dried beyond the limits of the forest. Nothing could be more reckless than the process of collection in some districts. Instead of felling the stem as near as possible to the root, so as to secure an after-growth, the bark-collectors adopted the plan of leaving the tree standing stripped of its bark. When this is done the tree rots with extraordinary rapidity, hosts of insects penetrate the stem, and the healthy root becomes infected. But where the trees are felled, from the base of the stem, when not barked, fresh shoots spring up, which, after an interval of twelve or fifteen years, will be in their turn ready for gathering. The danger, therefore, as Mr. Markham properly observes, is not the extermination of the cinchona trees in South America, but lest, with the increasing demand, there should be long intervals during which the supply should cease, owing to the forests being exhausted, and requiring periods of rest.

Having succeeded in collecting 529 plants, chiefly of the calisaya species, the exploring party were compelled to beat a retreat. Already the Indians were becoming mutinous, and threatened—the supply of their favourite narcotic, coca, being exhausted—to return to their homes at once. The knowledge of their language which Mr. Markham possessed stood him in good stead in this emergency. But more serious troubles menaced the success of his undertaking. An outcry had been raised against his proceedings, and the inhabitants of the towns in his rear excited, by assertions that the exportation of cinchona seedlings would prove the ruin of them and their descendants. By a successful ruse he threw his opponents off the scent. Sending two of his companions on by the main road, as if in charge of the plants, he himself hurried with the precious burden down to the coast, through the most un frequented line of country. But the difficulties of getting the plants out of the country were not entirely ended with the retreat from the interior. At the port of Islay, the superintendent of the custom-house refused to allow cascarrilla plants to be shipped without an express order from the Minister of Commerce at Lima. Even when the proper authorization was obtained, a final effort was made to defeat, by other means, the purpose of the expedition. On the eve of their being removed to the deck of the Panama steamer, an attempt was made to bribe the man in charge of the plants to bore holes in the cases and kill their contents by pouring in boiling water. Happily, the attempt did not succeed.

Mr. Markham's exertions were ably seconded by those of his agents in the other cinchona grounds, and notably by Mr. Spruce, who was despatched to the Red Bark region of Ecuador. It is found on the western slopes of the famous mountain Chimborazo, and is confined within a very narrow latitudinal zone. The havoc committed in this quarter by the bark collectors has been very great. The collection of seeds was a most delicate operation. In August the fruit was approaching ripeness, and the capsules began to burst at the base. An Indian was then sent up the trees, and, gently breaking off the panicles, let them fall on sheets spread on the ground to receive them. The capsules were afterwards spread out to dry for some days on the same sheets. Mr. Spruce succeeded in thus gathering 100,000 well-ripened and well-dried seeds, and having placed this precious cargo on a raft, brought it down to the coast in safety. One is rather surprised to find that, after organizing an expedition on the scale of efficiency which this narrative implies, the Indian Government did not complete the arrangements by providing a direct passage across the Pacific to Madras. This, however, was not done, and the plants have reached their destination on the Neilgherry Hills by the much more circuitous overland route, which involved the risk not only of several transhipments, but of the intense heat of the Red Sea.

\* *Travels in Peru and India.* By Clements Markham. London: John Murray. 1862.

Already, however, the results are highly satisfactory, and promise an ample return for the trouble and cost of the undertaking. In January last over 9,000 cinchona plants were in healthy condition, and the number is rapidly increasing. The site of the plantation has been selected with the utmost care. In the Neigherry Hills are to be found a climate, an amount of moisture, a vegetation, and an elevation above the sea, more analogous to those of the South American forest ranges than can be met with in any other part of India. The conditions of altitude and situation are obvious. But about the method of cultivation some doubts have been entertained. The Dutch and English botanists, for instance, were at issue upon the important point, whether the young cinchona should be protected from the sun's rays by thick shade, or planted in the open, with plenty of light and air. In Java, the former method has been pursued, with indifferent success. Screened from the sun, the plant grows up weakly and stunted. On the other hand, the observations and experience of our own scientific men all point to an opposite course. Probably what is stated by Mr. Spruce of the "red bark" species is true of the other cognate varieties—that though the plant needs shade while young and tender, it really requires, like most other trees, plenty of air, light, and room wherein to develop its proportions.

We cannot take leave of this volume without congratulating its author, and those who were associated with him, on the way in which they performed a most arduous and important task. Their work has been done with a nicety and completeness of which we have all, as Englishmen, reason to be proud. Had less sagacity or less resolution been shown by our fellow-countrymen, the enterprise would have probably been a comparative failure. It is to these bloodless victories, quite as much as to her military triumphs, that England owes the rank she occupies among the nations of the world.

#### ENGLISH WOMEN OF LETTERS.\*

**T**HREE was a time when women did not write novels. Nay, there was a sort of pre-Adamite period when there were no novels at all—a time which any one not content with superficial views of things, but who wants to know the how and the why of human affairs, will find it difficult to realize. Perhaps novels may not, at present, be of any importance to us—we may have outlived the taste, or we may never have had it; but not the less would the world be a wholly different place to us if nobody had ever read them. We might as well dispense with the silkworm and its part in the social economy, because our own coat is of cloth, as ignore the work of the novel, its influence on minds to which the more solid and exacting forms of literature must to the end of time have been a dead letter, and the channel that it has wrought out for the popular imagination. Would society have sunk into ineffable commonplace by this time, or shot off into Rosicrucian or necromantic extravagances beyond the dream of the spirit-rapper? What would our young ladies have been, or would there have been any young ladies, as we now understand them? What resource would *enmii* or vacuity have found? How should we have relaxed the jaded intellect? What would invalids have done? What gentle universal excitement would have made the whole world kin? What would the heads and leaders of female intelligence have brought about if their powers had been diverted into action? In fact, where should we all be? what would be the relative position of the different parts of society, without the century's training of the novel, and even without the woman's share in it? And yet this necessity of modern civilization came in with a protest. The wisdom of the age set its face against it, as it does against all innovation. Novels, for fifty years, were never read without an apology. It was customary with the youth of more than one generation to blush when caught in the act of reading them, and to disown with a certain shame the entrancing interest they excited. It, therefore, marks an era, and shows to what a point we have arrived, when a great didactic part is claimed for these frivolous misleaders, and when these wasters of time and enervators of feeling are divided into schools, and claimed as trainers of mind and educators of the imagination—a task Miss Kavanagh has undertaken for her sisterhood of British authoresses, in continuation of her similar work on French literary women.

There is nothing like classification for giving dignity to its subject. Prove that any event is one of a chain, and it is at once invested with importance. We own that some of the works forming links in this catena seem to us to need such artificial aid; for, in fact, an old novel, as such, looks rather as if it had never had a work to do than as if its work was over. A defunct tale, dead because nobody cares to keep it alive, one is apt to regard as a very insignificant feature of the past. When we dip into it, it is easy enough to see why it is nothing to the present generation; indeed, it is a matter of faith how any one can ever have seen life in its scenes, or been affected by its incidents. But since there was a time when it touched hearts, and inspired dreams of romance, set the fashion of feeling, and was the exponent of the sentiment of its day, our contempt must arise from a superficial view, which further insight will at least modify. Not that it can inspire us with interest, but we perceive that, wanting the tone and language of its own time, it reads to us but like a dull, vapid translation of what it was to those who first perused it. There is not one of

the ten authoresses whom Miss Kavanagh has chosen as influential and original writers, in each of whom she traces some new development of female genius, who has not the approval of some of the leading minds of the day, and who was not eagerly read, and warmly, and sometimes passionately commended by men whose names are in themselves a sanction—as far, that is, as a man's taste in novels is an index of his general discernment. For ourselves, the selection seems somewhat arbitrary. We do not know on what principle Mrs. Opie is chosen and the Misses Porter excluded. We should have thought that *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and other tales whose names do not immediately occur to us, had a far wider popularity than *Father and Daughter*, which seems to us a very tumid affair. But, possibly, Mrs. Opie's connexion with the Godwin school, and her sympathy with the Liberalism of the day, constitute her a link wanting in the chain.

Two or three of these ten ladies evidently owe a good deal of their literary fame to their good looks. Mrs. Inchbald, for example, and Mrs. Opie would not have been authoresses if they had not first been pretty and charming women, and their intellects quickened by flirtation. Thus Mrs. Inchbald drew what she conceived to be a likeness of herself in her so-called fascinating, teasing Miss Milner; while Mrs. Opie gets her very questionable plot from the Godwin notions of marriage of that day—he being a philosophical admirer of hers. Thus, while yet Amelia Alderson, she writes—"Mrs. Inchbald says the report of the world is that Mr. Holcroft is in love with her, *she* with Mr. Godwin, Mr. Godwin with *me*, and *I* am in love with Mr. Holcroft!"

Miss Kavanagh notes it as one of the consequences of women taking up the pen, that henceforth the women are something in a novel. Under a personal stimulus like what is evident in these ladies, the heroine is of course intended to absorb our sympathies. But, beyond this, we see that no sooner does the most philosophical self-forgetting woman take up the subject of character than she occupies herself both on the qualities of her sex and its distinctions. Her favourite speculation is to find out wherein women differ from men. Men, on the contrary, take for granted they are different, and, regarding it as self-evident, do not take much trouble to show why. Perhaps, as distinguished from the drama even, the business of novels is to bring out the generic differences between men and women, their characters, their relations to each other. All other moral teaching treats of the human mind, irrespective of sex; but novels, as we now think of them, hang on its distinctions. It is this which constitutes both the peculiar teaching of this form of literature and also its dangers; and it is this which makes the novel the great arena for female genius, and constitutes woman mistress of the field in certain branches of the art. She has peculiar aptitude for these nice distinctions, so that we may really say, till the novel was invented or constructed, women had no fitting theatre for the display of their powers:—

Of all the inevitable and natural results brought in by the share women have had in writing novels, this is one which has most affected the actual condition of women in society. For a long time men wrote alone, and their minds were the minds of humanity. We had not the perfect two-fold human being until women wrote. The whole of literature was influenced by the change. Delicacy and refinement, a pure, moral and religious tone, were its favourable results; the unfavourable were, and are, the predominance given to love as the great problem of human life, and an exaggeration of refinement that leads to social hypocrisy.

The growth of this influence was progressive, and Miss Kavanagh attributes to each of her specimen writers some distinctive merit. Thus, to Sarah Fielding, the sister of the great novelist, she assigns discrimination in detecting the weaknesses of human character; to Madame d'Arblay, reality, and the especial power of portraying vulgarity; to Mrs. Charlotte Smith, ladylike refinement; to Mrs. Radcliffe, imagination and terror; to Mrs. Inchbald, pathos; to Miss Edgeworth, truth; to Miss Austen, delicacy; to Mrs. Opie, power of appealing to the heart; and to Lady Morgan, fervour and sincerity. But where the amount of power is so different, where in real worth and value amongst these writers there is no sort of equality, these distinctions come to very little. It is amusing to observe that Sir Walter Scott has a good word for them all. The ladies never had a more kindly, genial critic. Thus of Mrs. Radcliffe he writes, that "her scenes could only have been drawn by one to whom nature had given the eye of a painter and the spirit of a poet." Though he hated Lady Morgan's politics, he reads her novels twice through, with "increasing admiration of many striking and beautiful passages of description, and very rich and entertaining comic passages." He told Mrs. Opie that he had cried over her *Father and Daughter*. He was not "so presumptuous as to hope to emulate in his *Waverley* the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of Miss Edgeworth;" and everybody knows the heartfelt, earnest homage, as well as admiration, he paid to Miss Austen's genius:—

That young lady had a talent for describing the involvement of feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful thing I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can myself do like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, common-place things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!

To each critical analysis of plot and characters is appended a biography, from which we gather that women are led into novel writing by the two extremes of seclusion and devotion to domestic life on the one hand, and a vehement enjoyment of the excitements of society on the other. We have mentioned Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Opie as of this latter class. Lady Morgan is another, though Miss Kavanagh's sketch of her career is too incorrect in

its facts to be relied on beyond general impressions. Of a very superior order in thought, feeling, and power, are those others who took their views of life from such specimens as come naturally within the observation of a quiet home-loving woman fulfilling the duties of her place. Of these there cannot be much to tell, as in the case of both Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. The account of Mrs. Radcliffe tends greatly to enhance our respect for her works, as we may remember them in the days of our insatiable youth, or know them from the report of others. Nothing can be simpler or more gently, amiably domestic than the private life of the Mistress of Terror, as she has been called. She had had very little education; indeed, Miss Kavanagh regrets, not very acutely, that she did not deliberately set about her course of novels with some preliminary self-education. She was only a very pretty girl, and, as such, won the heart of Mr. Radcliffe, an Oxford graduate who settled in London, and had the management of a newspaper. He detected in his wife powers beyond her "excellent account keeping," and advised her to try composition. His avocations kept him out till late in the night, and his "shy little wife" sat down by a blazing fire, and in her solitude penned with extraordinary rapidity such mysteries and horrors as her husband dared not read till daylight. She wrote five romances in eight years, "bringing her great fame and some money." Then, in the height of her popularity, she left off, because she seems to have felt her store exhausted, retiring into such complete seclusion that the world reported her dead; and as she never contradicted the report, her death was duly chronicled in the biographical dictionaries. Another account said she had driven herself mad by her own bold imaginings, and was shut up in a lunatic asylum. She never chose to set the world right on either rumour, and seems to have enjoyed life with her husband, travelling from place to place, like one of her own heroines, only under less disturbing circumstances, and indulging that passion for scenery which was her real inspiration, till carried off by asthma in her fifty-ninth year. It is added, that she never saw the countries she described so well. According to Sir Bulwer Lytton's theory and experience, this want of eye-familiarity may have been the cause of her power and success. Miss Kavanagh claims for Mrs. Radcliffe the distinction of having left her stamp on many great minds. She even insinuates that Wordsworth's greatest Ode derives one of its leading ideas from her, but on grounds which we think would leave nothing in any poem strictly original. She also gives her the merit of being the first romance writer who ventured on descriptions of nature; "for in what novels and romances, till she took up a pen, shall we find places and scenery substituted for the human interest?" This is true, though we find, before her time, scenery as a background greatly assisting the effect, as not only in her special antecedent, the *Castle of Otranto*, but—where we should not at first look for it—in *Gil Blas*, in which, amongst other things, the robber's cave mightily takes the youthful fancy. That her style is strictly original, which seems further assumed, we dispute. The best passages quoted as such by Miss Kavanagh could scarcely come so near certain descriptions in *Gray's Letters* without having been suggested by them. There are identical expressions, and identical effects caught, giving the tone to the scene. But it is something for a woman to have been taught and inspired by vivid pictures in beautiful language, so little addressed to the general feeling of his own time that Johnson pronounced these very letters only fit for the second table.

Miss Kavanagh's own part is performed with varying success. Her interest evidently flags occasionally, and a careless style betrays a want of faith in the worth and dignity of her subject; but there is also a good deal of thought intelligently expressed, and the analysis of some involved plots is well given. Her book will be acceptable to many who are willing to know a little about authoresses and their works that, but for such assistance, must for ever remain mere words and names.

#### RAILWAY LITERATURE AND THE DEMI-MONDE.\*

IT was not difficult to foresee that railways would exercise a material and immediate influence on hotels; that they would gradually equalize prices throughout the country; and that local, if not national, manners must be eventually affected by them. But, although equally obvious to the intelligent observer, their probable effect on popular literature has hitherto escaped attention, or, at all events, has not been made the subject of comment. It might be argued *à priori*, that the very best books—the finest poetry, the most thoughtful essay, or the deepest and most closely packed philosophy—would be selected by the traveller; so that, instead of keeping the eyes or the attention constantly on the strain, he might occasionally throw himself back and commit to memory or meditate on what he read. The caterers at the chief stations appear to have acted, partially or in the first instance, on this theory. They provided cheap editions of the standard poets, essayists, and novelists—Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Bacon, Byron, Moore, Scott, Tennyson, Bulwer, Burns, Longfellow, Dickens, Thackeray, &c. When it was found that novelty and variety were in request, Mr. Murray's *Railway Reading* and Messrs. Longman's *Travellers' Library* were projected, upon the supposition that something solid and valuable would continue in request; and their collections comprised books of travels like

*Eothen*, Layard's *Nineveh*, and Oliphant's *Nepaul*, essays by Lords Stanhope and Macaulay, and enlarged reprints of the most celebrated articles that had appeared in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. The success of these well-meant undertakings by the great publishing houses was temporary. Only a stray number or two of the *Travellers' Library* or *Railway Reading* will now be discovered on the best-stocked stall, the shelves of which are crowded with cheap newspapers (especially those enriched with a *feuilleton*), and the most imaginative class of romances bound in covers indicating the exciting character of the contents. A young lady with dishevelled hair kneels at the feet of what is evidently meant for a hard-hearted father, or is represented in the very act of leaping from a castle wall into a moat; or a terrific-looking bandit is dragging a body, which may be either dead or living, through a vault; or a youth in armour is striking up the sword directed against the breast of a prostrate individual in canonicals. The supply is regulated by the demand; and the solution of the phenomenon would seem to be that, during the peculiar kind of locomotion to be undergone, the common mind requires a strong stimulant, as a chilled or sluggish circulation is accelerated by a dram.

At our last inspection of one of the principal railway library stalls, our glance alighted on a yellow cover, representing a lady in a low gown with drop curls, seated on a divan, and a gentleman in moustachios kneeling at her feet, with both his arms round her waist. Anxious to know what came of this situation, which looked rather critical, we bought the book, price 1s. 6d., and discovered it to be neither more nor less than our old Parisian acquaintance, *La Dame aux Perles*, in a very ill-made and unbecoming English dress. The noise made about the more celebrated book of the same author, *La Dame aux Camélias*, accounts for its conversion into *The Lady with the Camélias*; but we did not anticipate, and should be sorry to find, that the class of English readers who cannot read French have imbibed a taste for such productions as *The Lady of the Pearls*. M. Alexandre Dumas fils, although not endowed with his father's dramatic powers, invention, and fecundity, is a remarkable writer in his way, and well worth studying as an illustration of the light literature of the Second Empire. He is the best living interpreter of the Parisian *demi-monde*—of that demoralized and demoralizing phase of society which has resulted from the elevation of adventurers, the depression of respectability, the rapid acquisition of wealth by imperial bounty or speculations on the Bourse, the general distrust and uncertainty, and the consequent call for immediate and material excitements and indulgences. The boasted *salons*, where conversation was supposed to have attained perfection, are broken up, or hermetically sealed to all but a limited number of *habitués*; and the sets or circles of which we now hear most are principally composed of kept or compromised women, actresses in vogue, the *ronés* of the Jockey Club, dissipated authors and artists, and wealthy foreigners—Russians, Austrians, Brazilians, Americans, and, we regret to add, English—who mistake the disreputable notoriety they acquire by wasting their fortunes in this manner for fashionable fame. M. Pelletan, the author of *La Nouvelle Babylonne*, mentions, as one amongst many proofs of the progress of corruption under the new Empire, the rapid conversion of the *grisette* into the *lorette*—in other words, of—

The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy—

into the most costly and shameless of "social evils." He says that the *lorettes* have now an entire quarter to themselves; adding that when the establishment of one of them, in the Chausseé d'Antin, was recently broken up, and her effects were sold off, they produced rather more than 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*) Animated, we presume, by much the same prurient curiosity which lures Englishwomen of condition to Cremorne, many Frenchwomen of the highest rank attended the sale; nor is this the only occasion on which they have manifested an inclination to become acquainted with meritorious mysteries. The introduction of a lady of quality with an historic name, at her own request, to a frail and venal fair one, furnished the ground plot of *Un Caprice de Grand Dame*, a novel that made some noise in its day; and to an irregularity of the same class, an irrepressible longing for novelty and variety, we are indebted for *The Lady with the Pearls*. If report says truth, M. Alexandre Dumas fils has simply worked up an adventure occurring within his own knowledge. The Duchess with the white horses, who falls in love with a musician, is said to be a close copy of a Countess who was captivated by a popular writer—the chief difference being that, in the romance of real life, the hero merely did his best to ruin the reputation of his beloved, whilst the heroine of the fiction is hurried into disgrace, despair, and death.

The first scene is a dinner given by a handsome widow to her lover, Jacques, and his friend, to whom she communicates her fear that she is about to be abandoned for another. It turns out well founded; for Jacques takes the first opportunity of explaining to the friend—who is supposed to narrate the story—that he has formed a *liaison* with a lovely creature, *très-grande dame*, which bids fair to absorb the whole remaining interests of his life. He has fair warning, however, from a dialogue which he overhears at a masked ball, that she had already more than once shown her contempt for conventional rules and distinctions:—

The count resumed his conversation, which, as it appeared, had only just commenced.

"Well, this unhappy actor nearly went mad," said he. "One evening when he had been very much applauded, and had finished his part before the

\* *The Lady of the Pearls*. By Alexandre Dumas, the Younger. London: Harrison. 1862.

piece concluded, he went to wait at the door of the theatre, and approaching her, as she was stepping into her carriage, said, in a low voice—

“ Madam, I entreat you to drop your bouquet.”

Without turning her head, as she entered the vehicle, she let fall her bouquet, which the poor fellow tried to pick up from between the wheels, at the risk of being crushed as they moved on.

“ However, I will answer for it that there was nothing further between them, though it was stated otherwise. All I know is that she came to the theatre whenever he performed, and affected only to look on the stage when he was there. One day, however, he found means to enter her park. She recognised him; and calling to a servant, said—

“ Ask that man what he wants—money, no doubt; give him twenty francs.”

The actor heard her, and turning pale as death, hastened from the spot. After such an insult, he would no doubt have compromised her if he could have done so. Therefore there was nothing. It was the mere caprice of a fine lady who wished to amuse herself.

We all remember the incident which suggested Schiller's beautiful little poem of *The Glove*, as well as the gallantry of the knight (immortalized by the same pen) who fought through the *mélée* at a tournament with no defensive armour but the night-gear of his mistress. Neither of Schiller's heroines, however, equals M. Dumas's Duchess, or Countess, either in the recklessness with which she imposes the task mentioned in the next extract, or the readiness with which she pays the penalty of her thoughtlessness:—

“ But,” replied the domino, “ did you not say something about Hombourg?”

“ Yes, while she was at Hombourg a Baron d'Ic, a wild young fellow, was there also—a good-looking man, by the way. One day she was walking with a party of ladies, when the baron, who was an admirable cavalier, and known in all the sporting circles, rode by on horseback.

“ Baron, leap over this wall,” she said, at the same time pointing to a wall quite seven feet high, closed by a small wooden gate.

“ Impossible,” replied the baron, “ at least with my horse; but I will bet, if he does not go over, that I will; and whilst he falls on one side, I will fall on the other.”

“ Well, do it, then.”

“ On one condition.”

“ Name it!”

“ That if I am killed you will come to my funeral; and if I break my leg or an arm, you will come and nurse me?”

“ Agreed!”

“ All the ladies entreated the baron not to run this risk, but he would not listen to them. Then they all went away, unwilling to be present at a sight of which they saw the danger and were fearful of the result.

The person in question alone remained, seating herself very quietly.

The baron was ready.

“ The signal, madame, if you please!” he said.

“ She clapped her hands three times! The baron struck his spurs into his horse, who darted off like an arrow.

“ He was pale, for good rider, as he was, he knew his life was at stake. On reaching the wall, he lifted his horse—a fine animal, full of bone and muscle—and for a moment it might have been supposed that man and horse would clear the wall; but notwithstanding the vigour of his effort, the horse struck his knees, fell back with chest and legs wounded, and rolled on the ground. As to the rider, he had with incredible agility sprung from his stirrups and leaped over the wall.

The ladies came back; curiosity triumphed over cruelty. She cried “bravo!” but no reply. When, much alarmed, they opened the gate to see what might have occurred, the baron was lying on his face, without motion; he had fainted, and had an arm broken. He was conveyed to his hotel, and when he recovered, she was sitting at the foot of his bed; and nursed him, as she had promised, for three weeks, until he was perfectly convalescent.”

“ But there is nothing to prove that she was the baron's mistress?”

“ Nothing to prove—much to suspect. Besides, as only the report was current, he did not in any way deny it; he merely said, that when a bet was lost it must be paid.”

With these illustrative passages of her career fresh in his memory, Jacques goes to his first interview, a supper after the opera at her hotel, which, by a judicious breach of engagement by an invited guest who was to have made a third, turns out a *tête-à-tête*. Instead of making love to her at once, he gives her a long lecture on her manifold imprudences. This fascinates her by its oddity. She insists on his undertaking the entire charge of her future conduct, and they pass the whole night together, talking over her prospects with especial reference to the current calumnies against her and the construction likely to be put upon them by her husband and the world.

The duchess was evidently on the threshold of a new life, full of new hopes and new desires. Was I to be her companion in this new life? The revelations which she had made to me, the secret thoughts which she had disclosed to me, bade me hope that such was my destiny.

Oh! what a sweet night we passed! It was evident, from the infinite confidence which she placed in me, that she was entering, heart and soul, into every whim of my love. But this feeling might not last; and what I desired from her was her soul, her every thought, the whole love of her heart, and not a common yielding to her senses in a moment of weakness. I heard her dear voice gushing into my ear, I held her hand in mine, and my soul came and went from me to her, returning to me each time, happier, richer, stronger.

The fire was out, the candles burnt dimly. The day was breaking. It was necessary for us to part.

“ Adieu,” I said.

“ Oh, no, *au revoir*,” she said; “ go, take a little repose, and return to me in the day; I will receive no one but you.”

I went away. It was broad daylight; the servants of the hotel regarded me with astonishment and curiosity, grinning at each other. *Certainly, this morning departure at such an hour was enough to give rise to suspicion.*

The ensuing events are commonplace enough. The husband is ready to wink at his wife's follies, upon condition that he may gamble away her fortune; but when she grows restive, he carries her off to a gloomy chateau in Hungary, where she is delivered of a child, the child of guilty love. Jacques, in the meantime, is travelling over all Europe, mostly by the prosaic railway, in search of her. She, not knowing that he is thus occupied, and smitten

with sudden jealousy of his first love, sets off for Paris before she has recovered from her confinement, and just reaches it to die.

The value of the book consists in the picture of manners presented by it, of which a single indication may suffice. Amongst all the persons, male or female, who figure in it, there is not one who attaches the smallest importance to marriage, or to the ordinary rules of decent domestic intercourse. The widow's lover is a lover in the French acceptation of the term; and the Duchess takes Jacques every night in her well-known carriage with her well-known white horses to one of the small theatres, from which they adjourn to a *cabinet particulier*, or to her hotel. A well-born, well-bred, well-conducted single lady is the *confidante* of all parties, with as complete an unconsciousness of the sinfulness of their doings as if they were so many married couples who had passing wrongs to sympathize with, or passing quarrels to make up. Artists and authors, living from hand to mouth, speak of wasteful orgies with loose women as the best school for invention and the true nursery of genius; whilst distinguished foreigners mix familiarly with ex-bishops who have dubbed themselves Counts or Barons. Such are the principal ingredients of the *demimonde*. To say that it typifies Imperial France, would be preposterous; but, to the best of our information, it fairly typifies that exceptional set, circle, or class for the aggrandizement, if not creation, of which Paris stands indebted to the Saviour of Society; and we earnestly hope that its literature, if it is to have one, will henceforth be confined to the beautified and luxurious capital that gave birth to it.

#### ROBINSON'S CATALOGUES OF THE LOAN EXHIBITION.\*

THE only drawback to the enjoyment of that unparalleled Exhibition of Works of Art on Loan which formed so special an attraction to connoisseurs during the late summer and autumn at South Kensington, was the absence of a catalogue. The most accomplished *virtuosi* were embarrassed by the number and variety of the objects of ancient art which were assembled in that vast collection; while the less experienced visitors wandered in mute perplexity through the labyrinth of well-filled cases, containing priceless treasures, of which most of them knew neither the nature nor the value. As we said at the time, when we gave a brief description of the contents of the Loan Exhibition, the delay in the publication of the catalogue was, perhaps, unavoidable. Still we cannot help thinking that the want might have been sooner supplied. The Exhibition, in its entirety, was a thing of the past before the concluding brochures of the official catalogue were printed. However, the five parts in which it is contained form collectively one of the most interesting records that an art library could offer. Not only is every object in the collection critically described and explained, but the competent archaeologists whom Mr. Robinson has associated with himself in the task, have contributed to the volume a series of most valuable special essays, each in his own department. Thus we have every branch of art that is represented in the collection illustrated by an expert in that particular subject. The whole forms a manual that will be indispensable to every one who aspires to be a collector. If it were but illustrated, it would supersede Labarte's *Handbook*—the treatise to which most of us are indebted for all we know of the subsidiary decorative arts of the early and late Middle Ages, and of the Renaissance.

Without further preface we shall proceed to notice some of these brief introductory essays. To enter upon the catalogue proper—the descriptions of the specimens themselves—would be an endless task, for above eight thousand objects were exhibited. But the preliminary papers, in which the contents of some of the sections are summed up, are well deserving of perusal. The first six classes into which the collection was divided, whether they required it or not, have received no special prefatory matter. They were as follow:—sculpture in marble, terra cotta, &c.; carvings in ivory; bronzes; furniture; objects of ancient Irish and Anglo-Saxon art; and mediaeval ecclesiastical utensils, &c. (the right word here would have been *Instrumenta*). Section 7, devoted to Henri Deux ware, is headed by an excellent descriptive essay from the pen of Mr. Robinson himself. It is curious that nothing is even yet known with any certainty as to the inventor of this ware, or as to the place of its production. There is no doubt, however, that this kind of earthenware is of French origin, and that it dates from the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. We agree with Mr. Robinson that it may be accepted as an established fact from internal evidence that this pottery was the discovery of some individual artist; and that in date it preceded the manufacture of his peculiar ware by Bernard Palissy. We are not quite sure that we understand his further somewhat vague assertion, that the general characteristic style of Henri Deux ware is “strongly and unmistakably national, and even typical of a well-known and brilliant epoch.” An examination of all that has been written on the subject of this ware satisfies Mr. Robinson that the majority of the specimens of it known to exist, which now number fifty-four, came from the south-west of France, and principally from the town of Thouars. The technical processes by which this pottery was produced are lucidly described. The parts in relief seem to have been modelled separately, and then stuck on to the body of the piece before firing. The flat ornamentation, which consists of interlaced scroll-work, rosettes, initial letters, and the like, is not painted on the surface in

\* Catalogues of the Special Exhibition of Works of Art of the Medieval, Renaissance, and more recent Periods, on Loan at the South Kensington Museum. Parts I. to V. Edited by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. 1862.

enamel colours, but is incrusted or inlaid, like niello-work on metals, the coloured inlays being of differently-coloured clay.

In most of the pieces (says Mr. Robinson) will be noticed in addition to the brown, dark reddish, or yellowish, inlays, transparent enamel tints of purple, green, blue, and yellow. These are used very sparingly, and floated into the glaze, which covers the entire surface of the pieces; this glaze is very thin, transparent, and of a slight greenish yellow tint, being probably an ordinary lead-glaze, whilst the body, or pâte, of the ware is a simple creamy-white pipelay, very light, yet compact, and harder than the usual red or buff clays of the common French faience. The inlaid details have been produced by mechanical means, viz. by metal punches or matrixes, many of which (perhaps, indeed, the greater part) appear to have been bookbinders' tools, or type metal ornaments used in printed books. With these instruments the patterns were stamped into the clay, forming cavities or intaglio patterns, afterwards filled in with the coloured clays.

Of the fifty-four specimens of Henri Deux ware known to exist, twenty-five are in England, twenty-nine in France, and one in Russia. There was, however, a story lately in the newspapers, to the effect that several other examples had been brought to light in a private collection in Brittany. Mr. Robinson further contributes short memoirs on Palissé ware and Sévres porcelain, which, however, as being better known, need not be described here. Limoges painted enamels formed the tenth section of the Exhibition, and have found an excellent historian in Mr. A. W. Franks, the Director of the Society of Antiquaries. He tells us that the ancient method of *champ-levé* enamelling, for which Limoges was so famous in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had died out in the fourteenth; and that the new school of painted enamellers did not arise till more than a century afterwards. These latter artists, though still working on copper, applied their enamels in a manner which they probably borrowed from the process of enamelling on glass. He distinguishes four periods of Limoges enamelling—the Early or Gothic style, dating from 1475 to 1530; the Fine style, lasting till 1560; the Minute style, ending in 1630; and the Decadence, which reaches to the end of the manufacture in the eighteenth century. Mr. Franks proceeds to describe each style or method, in its turn. Leonard and Jean Penicaud were the foremost artists of the first period, and Leonard Limousin and Jean Court dit Vigier of the second. Jean Courtois and several artists of the family of Limousin distinguished themselves in the "finical execution" of the Minute style. In the Decadence, the most famous names belong to the families of Laudin and Nouailher. Their works in grisaille on a ground of glossy black are, however, justly described "as more like paintings on earthenware than on copper." The description of the actual specimens of Limoges enamelling, which were on view at South Kensington, is excellent. The examples are all arranged, as far as possible, under the names of the respective artists, in chronological order. We may safely recommend all possessors of objects of Limoges ware to compare their specimens with the lucid descriptions given by Mr. Franks in this catalogue. There is little doubt that they will thus be able to identify their treasures with the handiwork of one or other of the craftsmen whose peculiarities of style and treatment are here so admirably portrayed. With the next section, that of Portrait Miniatures, the Rev. James Beck has taken infinite pains. About nine hundred portraits were exhibited, many of them of the greatest historical interest. When shall we have a photographic gallery of historical personages gathered from the inexhaustible stores of contemporary miniatures which are to be found in our great private collections? The next subject, that of Ecclesiastical Vestments, Tissues, and Embroideries, is treated of by Dr. Rock, with abundant learning and enthusiasm, but in a strangely tawdry and cumbrous style. Witness this sentence which we give in its punctuation and grammar:—

Little does the Englishwoman of the nineteenth century, dream when she goes forth in all her bravery of dress, that an Egyptian Cleopatra, equally with a Roman Empress, would have envied her her gay silk gown, or that as late as three hundred years ago her silken hose would have been a present worthy of an English Queen's (Elizabeth) acceptance, or that a King of Scotland (James), before he came to the British crown, would have gladly had the loan of them for the nonce, and who borrowed a pair from the Earl of Mar to receive an English ambassador.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Rock does not attempt to describe the actual process of embroidery, as practised in the middle ages, and as revived after a long desuetude in the present day. This would have been both more useful and more suitable to the occasion than his well-meant theological raptures. The description of the gold and silver plate belonging to the ancient Universities is compiled with much judgment by Mr. R. H. S. Smith; and the editor contributes a very careful memoir on Persian pottery—a variety of earthenware which is only just beginning to be clearly distinguished by collectors from the Italian majolica wares and ancient Oriental porcelains. This is followed by a modest disquisition, written by Mr. Chaffers, on various ceramic products. It embraces Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna porcelains, and those of Venice, Capo di Monte, and Doccia; besides others from Spain, France, and the East. The same writer describes in a separate section the English porcelain and pottery of Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Bow, Plymouth, Bristol, Nantgarw, and Fulham; and also the ware invented by Wedgwood, and called after his name. Snuff-boxes and bijouterie, decorative arms and armour, are merely catalogued without introductory essays. Mr. Franks—who is by far the ablest of this brotherhood of writers—next groups, in a very instructive and compendious paper, all enamels that do not belong to the school of Limoges; and he also treats of vitreous art as practised by the Greeks, Romans, and Orientals, besides describing the Venetian glass, in all its varieties, and the French, Dutch, and German styles of glass manufacture. Majolica ware, properly so

called, is next taken in hand by Mr. Robinson. He calls attention, in his introduction, to the fact that in the recent revivals of this manufacture in the Staffordshire potteries, and by the Marchese Ginori at Florence, "the more refined and delicate processes and methods of the art, as practised by the old Italian masters" are still unknown. In continuation, Mr. C. Baily and Mr. G. R. French undertake between them the description of the fine collection of plate, which was so liberally contributed to the Loan Exhibition by various corporations and municipal bodies. Plate of English manufacture forms the subject of a separate catalogue by Mr. Chaffers, who also describes the foreign plate in the 25th section. Mr. E. S. Poole makes a bold but successful attempt to discriminate into two periods the damascened brass vessels of Oriental origin, which are frequent enough in English collections. Damascened work on iron and brass, as practised in Italy and Spain, forms a separate section. We may observe that decorative work in wrought iron was but scantily represented in the collection. In a good essay on antique and engraved gems, Mr. Robinson prophesies a speedy revival of this particular form of glyptic art. We very much doubt its fulfilment. Illuminations by Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum; bookbindings, by the Rev. J. Beck; rings, by Mr. E. Waterton—who is the first living authority on that particular subject—form the titles of the following sections. And the catalogue, finally, is completed by lists of the remaining parts of the collection, the jewellery, personal ornaments and gems, the clocks and watches, the vases, &c. in rock crystal and sardonyx, the historical relics, and the miscellaneous objects which will fall under no regular head. Our thanks are due to all who have had a share in the compilation of this catalogue. It is impossible not to express anew our astonishment and delight at the vastness and inestimable value of the collection here described. Would that these treasures had never been dispersed again! It is not too much to say that to many people the Loan Exhibition of 1862 was like a new revelation of the exquisite beauty, and variety, and originality, and vitality of the decorative art of the middle ages.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

WE believe that the manufacturers of Christmas books, like the manufacturers of cotton prints, have rather overstocked the market. We observe in the booksellers' windows a good many of last year's patterns, which may be had at a considerable reduction. Literature, and even the recipients of gift books, have no great cause to grieve over this fact. When the market is well supplied with handsome editions of Wordsworth or Tennyson, or Longfellow or Burne, we do not want any rival publications; and when every conceivable variety of poetical pieces has been given us—Lyric Selections, and Devotional Selections, Selections of Songs, Selections of Odes, Pieces about Christmas, and Pieces about Country Life, the Book of Proverbs, and the Book of Flowers—there is no occasion for enterprising publishers and adventurous editors to attempt a new combination of the old stock materials. As it is with the matter, so it is with the art of Christmas books. Mr. Birket Foster must have drawn almost all the commons and groves in England; and the price of boxwood must have risen from the incessant and annual calls made upon it by the manufactory of the Brothers Dalziel. In a word, every variety of the "illustrated book" must have been worked out. It is a real comfort to have to say that this year's outburst of Christmas books is scanty in quantity. There is no deficiency in quality, for most of the established favourites from Mr. Routledge and Mr. Low are still on sale. Judging from present appearances, the juvenile taste has been most largely catered for in the way of absolute novelty. It is, perhaps, significant of the times in which we live—times of rifle corps and volunteers—that in the great majority of these books for boys, the active life seems to be recommended in preference to the contemplative. A boy's book, now-a-days, is very different from the moral tale of our youth; and school-boys are rather encouraged than repressed in their natural taste for athletic sports and an adventurous life. Muscular Christianity perhaps, but emigration certainly, may have something to do with this change in the character of literary papulum for the holidays. It is a fact worth noticing, though this is not the place for an attempt fully to account for it. It seems to be found out that in our zeal for useful knowledge that knowledge is found to be not the least useful which treats boys as active, stirring, aspiring, and ready.

*The New Forest, its History and its Scenery*, by John H. Wise (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is a work of far higher pretensions than its gay green-and-gold covers would suggest. In fact, we feel a difficulty in treating it as a Christmas book at all. It is, as they say, a monograph of what on the whole is the most interesting place in England—most interesting, not perhaps because, in any one particular either of history or scenery, or in picturesque or literary associations, the New Forest stands at so vast a pre-eminence over the rest of England, but because it comprises so large and various a range of important materials. The New Forest is a piece of real antiquity which happily is incapable of restoration like an old church, and which, from various causes, has escaped that law which improves all that is picturesque from off the face of the earth. It has been preserved as a forest chiefly for its production of navy timber; and till a railroad pierced those quiet glades it was not worth while to expend even national capital in improving its barren and ungrateful wastea. However, it is

probably doomed; and we are glad that Mr. Wise has, in this handsome volume, preserved a memorial of the New Forest when, as it yet is, it was a forest. We observe with satisfaction that Mr. Wise rejects, not only with that natural indignation which a single day's walk through the forest would suggest, but also upon historical ground, the stupid monkish fable that the Conqueror destroyed thirty-six parish churches, and expatriated or murdered innumerable villagers in making the New Forest. The present volume appears to exhaust, not only the history, but the folk-lore, and the ornithology, and the Flora of the forest; and the author's accomplishments are shown as much in his capacity of writing well, because simply, about trees and brooks, as in his scientific chapters, in which he investigates the botany, zoology, geology, and provincialisms of this old-world country. Mr. Wise is a sober and accurate, as well as a warm and genial writer; he loves the picturesque much, but truth more. So he dismisses the usual fictions that the New Forest has a breed of indigenous swine and abounds with wild ponies, and confines himself to facts. Stripped of all romance, the story of the New Forest may be very briefly told. Nature had made the place barren and inaccessible. It is traversed with streams, and the soil is rough, poor, and intractable. It was the very place for a large forest, and centuries ago was certainly fit for nothing else. Its proximity to the Channel and to Winchester made it a very convenient place for the Norman Kings. History and social change had little influence upon this out-of-the-way tract. It remained much as it was because there was no call whatever to interfere with it. Manufactures and agriculture were impossible where there was nothing to make, and where nothing would grow. The population could not but be rude, scattered, and coarse. Smuggling and poaching are not refining habits of life, and in intelligence and spirit the people have advanced but little for seven or eight centuries. They, and their habits and their language, like their home, present a curious study; and, perhaps, the very first and the most lasting impression that intercourse with the native New Foresters leaves on the traveller's mind is their melancholy and stupid aspect. We much doubt if Old England was ever merry. Certain it is, that both here and on the Yorkshire wolds, where if anywhere this jolly savage survives, the indigenous Englishman is anything but merry. Change, with such a race and under such circumstances, is impossible. Among the most curious provincial words preserved in the New Forest is the word "bugle," meaning an ox (*buculus*). Mr. Wise ingeniously connects this word with Rosalind's "bugle eyeballs," and adduces in comparison the Homeric *βοῶτις*. The illustrations, though pretty and correct, are not much, if at all, above the mark.

Birket Foster's *Pictures of English Landscape, with Pictures in Words* by Tom Taylor (Routledge, Warne, & Routledge), is a joint composition. Mr. Taylor, with considerable modesty, only claims the second place in the partnership. This publication quite revives the old annual in which a writer of name undertook to make some verses to suit a given picture. That is, the poet illustrates the painter, not, as usually, the painter illustrates the poet. As a matter of change, this inversion of the usual order of things is acceptable. Mr. Taylor's verses are very pleasing, and quite reach Longfellow's level. Mr. Foster's drawings, most elaborately cut on wood in the establishment of the brothers Dalziel, reproduce pleasantly the quiet and familiar landscapes of the south of England. Old mills, rustic cottages, and boys fishing in a pond, are always suggestive subjects; and if they are not the highest, yet are of the pleasantest art.

The *Musical Album* (Cramer) is a collection of fashionable songs and waltzes, with some very smart illustrations, and a still smarter cover, quite gorgeous with purple and scarlet and gold. It innovates not unpleasantly on the usual type of Christmas books, and we see no reason why music, as well as literature, should not be represented in this class of *éditions*.

Mr. Kingston is the writer, and Messrs. Griffith & Farran, of St. Paul's Churchyard—that is, the original *Goody Two Shoes* shop—are the publishers for boys. Mr. Kingston's name, however, must be a terror to sober mothers. He now comes before us with "Our Sailors" and "Our Soldiers," tempting all the youth of England to run away to sea, or to enlist, and promising them the Victoria Cross, and all sorts of loot, and no end of fun as the certain reward of setting at naught their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters. Were it not that, like the measles, all boys have to go through this scarlet fever, or blue eruption, we should consider Mr. Kingston the natural enemy of all quiet fathers and mothers. As it is, we deem him to be a good and vivacious writer, and a vast favourite with what newspapers call the rising generation.

The same publishers give us a pleasant little book, which will suit little girls rather than schoolboys—*Grandmother's Budget of Stories*. This is a joint publication of Mr. Thomas Hood as illustrator, and of Mrs. Broderip, his sister, as writer, of a collection of little fairy tales. To say that this volume occasionally reminds us of Anderssen, and that the son pleasantly recalls his distinguished father, is high praise.

*Golden Gleanings from the Poets* (Whittaker), is clearly suggested by Macmillan's *Golden Treasury Series*. The present volume, prettily printed in the old sharp type, consists of serious and devotional pieces arranged or disarranged with a singular disregard of style, chronology, and subject. But Cowper, and Blair, and Montgomery, will always have actual or conventional admirers; and this is quite the book for godfathers, serious or

not, to give to the children of a serious family. There are a good many extracts from very minor poets indeed, Mr. Swain, and Mr. Dale, and Mr. Willis; as well as some of a higher pitch from Flatman, Crashaw, and Herbert.

Routledge's *Every Boy's* (we at first read it, as it well might be called, *Every Body's*) *Annual* is, as we find, a selection from a magazine (*Every Boy's Magazine*), and consists of articles both serious and comic; also poems, tales, chess problems, and stray chapters, apparently from the *Boy's Own Book*, on Rabbits, Dogs, and the like. It is likely to take with boys from suburban schools.

*The Story of Cervantes*, by Mrs. Edwards (Routledge), appeared originally in the magazine from which the collection just named has been reprinted. It exhibits some research, and a good deal of sentiment.

*Kingston's Annual for Boys* (Sampson Low) is exactly on the same plan as Mr. Routledge's similar publication. Which is the plagiarist we have not the slightest means of pronouncing; but we should suspect that Mr. Kingston is—at any rate, he ought to be—the original caterer. His cheery, animated style and graphic incident tell well.

*Dick Rodney*, by James Grant (Routledge), follows this favourite type. The hero, an Eton boy, goes to sea, gets on a desert island, exhibits remarkable gifts, sees many wonderful things, many storms, many pirates, many wild beasts; and at last—covered with glory—reaches home, promotion, and loving friends. Such an idea cannot but be a success; and Mr. Grant has succeeded.

*The Wild Man of the West* (Routledge) is a tale of the Rocky Mountains. The rind suggests the kernel, and the binding of this volume must fairly represent the contents. A youth of wondrous prowess is actually riding a bison—a feat which certainly rivals Mr. Waterton's adventure with the cayman. From the brick you can gauge the building. Wars, trapping foxes, fights with Indians, combats with grizzly bears—these wild and wonderful things are the *farrago libelli*; and a very readable book it is for those whose tastes lie among scalpings, tomahawks, wigwams, and squaws; and there is a touch of sentiment and love-making in it, and more than a touch of the wild and wonderful.

*Stories of Old*, by Caroline Hadley (Smith & Elder) is a collection of narratives from the Old Testament, done into child's talk, with the sort of reflections which are supposed to suit the child's mind. Here is a specimen:—"Poor Adam and Eve! how sad they must have felt to know their son was killed by his own brother!" This is all very well; but it is another matter when Scripture is not only commented on and improved, but doctored in this fashion. The matter is still the Death of Abel. "God said: I know what you have done; you have killed your brother. Though you have dug a hole and put him in the ground to hide him, I saw all," &c. Even Mr. Geßner, a heavy German who did a sentimental drama on the first fratricide, did not absolutely make the Almighty talk in this fashion. No doubt this is a very well-intentioned book; but—which we dare say will displease the writer—it is, to our own judgment, scandalously profane. There is a second volume treating the New Testament in the same fashion.

*Tuflongbo's Journey in Search of Ogres* (Smith & Elder) is, under the guise of a story-book, a good-tempered satire on our 'ologies, and sciences, and useful knowledge generally. It is by Holme Lee, and ranges far above the average of the light artillery of Christmas books. It is the second part of a previous annual on this same Tuflongbo.

Shakspeare's *Songs and Sonnets* (Sampson Low) is the reissue, in a somewhat less gorgeous shape, of one of last year's annuals; and *Puck on Pegasus* (Routledge) of one of last spring's books, on which we have already passed a favourable opinion.

*Snow Flakes*, by M. Betham-Edwards (Sampson Low), is illustrated prettily enough by Mr. H. K. Browne (*Phiz*) in colours. This is a story book in verse.

Miss or Mrs. Hadley, whose translation of the *Bible* into child's talk we have just spoken of, has done better in her *Children's Sayings* (Smith & Elder). These are moral illustrations, not without cleverness, of the usual nursery phrases, "In a minute;" "I didn't mean to do it;" "I don't care," and the like. The idea seems to be original, and is not badly, though stiffly, worked out.

*Katie* (Bell & Daldy) seems to be a regular novel of Miss Yonge's type. We mention it here, because it comes before us as a Christmas Book.

*Memorable Battles in English History* (Griffiths & Farran), is a book of higher aim, and claims to be the result of some historical research. It ranges from Hastings to Sebastopol, and is a fair popular specimen of the usual view of English history. Dr. Cumming did something in the way of blundering over one of the most familiar quotations in, or out of, the Latin grammar. The author of the present volume is not a bad follower of the great scholar of Crown Court, when he writes—

Rem,  
Si possis, recte; si non, quomodo possis.

*Little Breeches* (Sampson Low) is, to our mind—discreditable as the confession may be thought—about the best of all the Christmas books. It is simple unmilitated fun and nonsense, with just enough of sense in it to show that it is the gracious fooling of a wise man. Mr. Bennett's illustrations, beautifully etched, are really works of considerable art and pretension.

*The Loves of Tom Tucker* (Griffiths & Farran) is an amusing, and, in its way, clever attempt to put all the familiar nursery rhymes into one connected story, or rather into a series of stories.

Mr. Thomas Hood has done this in his father's rhymes, or in that rhyme which is an inherited property. The pictures are pretty and coloured, and are also Mr. Hood's.

*The Mothers' Picture Alphabet* (Partridge) is a large book printed in large letters; and it seems to be "A was an Archer," &c., done into moral and useful reflections by the Editor of the *British Worker*. It inculcates serious advice in stiff metre.

*Birds Drawn from Nature*, by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn (Edmonston & Douglas), is the re-issue of a handsome volume which we noticed with commendation last year.

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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